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6

AWAIIAN LIFE

Charles
Warren
Stoddard

Lazy Letters From Low Latitudes.



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CHICAGO

THE
HAWAIIAN LIFE

BEING

LAZY LETTERS FROM LOW LATITUDES

BY

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

11/4
AUTHOR OF "SOUTH SEA IDYLS," "MARSHALLS. A FLIGHT INTO
EGYPT," "THE LEPERS OF MOLEKSI," ETC.

F. TENNYSON NEELY
CHICAGO NEW YORK
1894

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CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

1894

—TO—

POLO, BUD, MOMONA, AND THE KID,

OF STAG-RACKET BUNGALOW

HONOLULU, HAWAII,

THIS SOUVENIR OF THEIR SOMETIME PAL,

WITH HIS ALOHA!

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HAWAIIAN LIFE

OR

LAZY LETTERS FROM LOW LATITUDES

I.

FROM A CUPOLA.

HAWAIIAN HOTEL, HONOLULU, H. I.

DO you remember, dear C——, the day when you and I sat alone in this glass house and heaved a stone at civilization, business, worry, and the world in general? We heaved it fearlessly, for we were above the tree-tops and out of reach; even had our victims deigned to retaliate we might have still shouted defiance, for were we not prepared to withstand a siege in the cupola with ample rations of champagne and cigarettes?

You had dropped in upon us, as is your

wont at intervals while vibrating 'twixt the Australasian colonies and the California coast, and in the few hours we spent together we rediscovered the little kingdom, and restored it, for a time at least, to its original and beautiful barbarism.

Do you remember one silver strand of spider-web that chanced to catch our eye? It was stretched due east and west overhead in the cupola, and we called it the Tropic of Cancer; and weaving a Puck's girdle of this filmy fabric, we fled in imagination over sea and shore in the very ecstasy of circumnavigation. How we laughed to scorn the ignorance of those who know us not, and reviled the amateur geographer who vainly confounds us with Tahiti, or sweeps us away toward New Guinea and the uttermost parts.

Following our air-line eastward, we tripped on the tail of Lower California, plunged through the heart of Mexico into the Caribbean Sea, dashed across Cuba, and were lost in the Atlantic; then we returned for a season, but rested only long enough to roll a fresh cigarette, when we took wing for the Orient—and such an Orient! Through the solitary

sea, crossing the track of Laputa, the "Flying Island," just escaping Luggnagg—sorrowfully enough, for "the Luggnaggers are a polite and generous people," says Gulliver—we saw Hong Kong, Calcutta, Mecca, and, beyond the Red Sea, the Nile waters and the measureless sands of Sahara.

What a rosary we strung on that glimmering thread. And then we held our breath for a moment, when we thought how above us and below us rolled the everlasting deep from pole to pole.

O Hawaii! Hawaii Nei! Cinderella among nations; a handful of ashes on a coral hearth slowly fructifying in the sun and dews of an eternal summer. How lonesome you are and how lovely! and how we who have known you and departed from you come back again with the love that is yours alone. At least, C—— and I do, don't we?

You are t'other side o' the line now, old fellow, on the edge of that great continent which is as yet not half explored; the kangaroo is your playmate and the serpent your bed-fellow; do you ever think of us who have no game more majestic than the mosquito?

Here, as you know, the noblest victim of the chase is the agile flea; now and again, though rarely, appears that chain of unpleasant circumstances, the centipede; or perchance the devil-tailed scorpion, whose stroke is by no means fatal, reminds us that nothing can touch us further. And indeed, but for these foreign invaders this life were almost too Edenesque. The marvelous temperature, which is never hot and never cold; the rich and variable color; the fragrance so intense after a shower, when the ginger and the Japanese lily seem to distil perfume drop by drop; the tinkle of gay guitars; the spray-like notes dashed from shuddering lute-strings; the irreproachable languor of a race that is the incarnation of all these elements—this is quite as much as man wants here below—latitude $21^{\circ} 18' 23''$ north; longitude $157^{\circ} 48' 45''$ west; and all this he has without the asking. What if the impertinent minas perch upon the roof and fill the attic with strange noises? What if they infest the groves at twilight, and deluge the land with cascades of silvery sound? They are a pert bird, that has rid the kingdom of its caterpillars, and now they propose

to luxuriate for the rest of their natural lives.

I think it was the war-whoop of a mina perched upon our window-sill that called our attention to old Diamond Head—Leahi is the Hawaiian name for that fine promontory—which at that moment was glowing like a live coal; it was the picture of the ideal red-hot volcano with the smoke rubbed out; there was a strip of beryl sea beyond it, and at its feet a great plain, shaded by feathery algaroba trees; this was framed in the sashes on one side of the cupola.

On another side mountain peaks buried their brows in clouds that wept copiously—so sentimental was the hour of our communion; forests of the juiciest green drank those showers of tears; Tantalus the lofty one and his brother peaks never looked more sublime.

Turning again, we saw the sunburnt hills beyond Palama, and the crisp cones of small volcanoes, and more sea, and then the exquisite outline of the Waianæ Mountains, of a warm, dusty purple, and with a film of diffused rainbows floating in the middle distance.

There was but one other window left; it opened upon a sea stretching to the horizon and mingling with the sky; a shore fringed with tapering masts and the crests of sentinel palms, and beneath us the city submerged in billowy foliage, through which the wind stirred in gusts and eddies.

Our experience was ended—our experience bound in green and gold: the green of the grassy hills and the gold of the sunset sea. We had monopolized the cupola to the despair of those guests who fly to it as to a haven of rest; but there was no further thought of monopoly in our minds, for the afterglow was overwhelming, and already from the cool corridors of the caravansary—a caravansary that in its architecture reminds one of Singapore—sweetly and silently ascended the incense of the evening meal. . . .

II.

IN A HAMMOCK.

HAWAIIAN HOTEL, HONOLULU, H. I.

YES, my friend, it hangs in the same corner of the top veranda, and swings to-day as it swung the day when you lay in it under a fleecy wrap and a be-butterflied Japanese parasol.

It has its vicissitudes, this hammock. Sometimes it is a pale invalid who retires into it as into a chrysalis, and is rocked to and fro in the wind; then the sympathetic and the sociable gather about it and subject the patient to the smoke-cure—of course “by special command”—or the mint-julep cure, or to bits of frivolous converse thrown in between the numbers of a matinee-reception-concert at the Princess Regent’s, or a band night at Emma Square. Sometimes a bewildered guest from the colonies or elsewhere rolls into it and sleeps with all his might and main.

Sometimes a whole row of children trail their slim legs over the side of it—which is all that saves them from being compared to peas in a pod. But to-day I inhabit with a pencil and lap-tablet, and nothing but a convulsion of nature shall drive me hence.

The breeze is blowing fresh from the mountain, the health-giving trade-wind. I can look right up the green glade which is the gateway to Tantalus, and see the clouds torn to shreds across the wooded highlands. Have been watching a crew of men-o'-wars-men, in dazzling white duck trousers climbing the brown slopes of Punch Bowl; watching the mango trees where the mangoes hang like bronze plummets; the monkey-pods are in bloom, and their tops resemble terraced gardens; now and again the *kamani* sheds a huge leaf as big as a beefsteak, and as red also; but what are these splashes of color to the *Ponciana Regia*—it is a conflagration! The *Bourgainvillea*, a cataract of magenta blossoms that looks like artificial leaves just out of a chemical bath, obtrudes itself at intervals; it is the only crude bit of color in a landscape where the majority of the trees are colossal bouquets at one sea-

son or another. The hibiscus is aglow with flowers of flame the most of the year, and the land is overrun with brilliant creepers, even to the eaves of the hotel where the birds quarrel and call noisily from dawn to dusk. But why particularize? All this you know; all this you saw when your end of the veranda was curtained and set apart, a nook for loungers in a land where all mankind lounges a portion of the day; where it is not considered indelicate for a merchant to pose in the midst of his merchandise guiltless of coat and vest, for his respectability is established beyond question, and his bank account a patent fact; where ladies drive in morning *dishabille*, and shop on the curbstone without alighting from their carriages, and where any of them may pay an evening call unbonneted and unattended.

Now those sailor boys are perched upon the rim of Punch Bowl, like a row of penguins; the distant mountains are glossed with fragmentary rainbows, and there are unmistakable symptoms of an afterglow.

Through verdant vistas I catch glimpses of the cavalcade that always enlivens this hour,

and down the shaded avenues that lie between the hotel cottages troop the returning guests; she who has rocked at her doorway—the Venetian blinds thrown wide apart—all day, involved in the toils of the Kensington stitch, has passed within doors to smooth her ribbons before dining; a card-party in the middle distance—surely it could not have been whist—has broken up with much show of good feeling; children are pelting one another with flowers among the balconies, to the dumb horror of a coolie in white raiment and despair.

I hear a piano in the distance, and recall a voice that is stilled; and I feel, all at once, that the transfusive air is throbbing with light—the light that is as fleeting and as fascinating as a blush; “the light that never was on sea”—but I spare you the rest of the quotation; the light that at any rate transfigures all things, beautifies all things, glorifies all things, and makes this hour the most exquisitely sentimental and pathetic of the four and twenty.

The light, by Jove! that has gone out while I’ve been endeavoring to wind up this lazy scrawl. . . .

III.

ON A MAKAI VERANDA.

HAWAIIAN HOTEL, HONOLULU, H. I.

YOU wonder how we kill time in the tropics, dear boy? We never kill it; we never get quite enough of it, and murder were out of the question. Time with us flows softly and swiftly, like a river, and we drift with it. It were vain to struggle against this stream; those who attempt it die young and pass out of memory; but we who drift without rudder or compass find the first light of dawn flaring up into the zenith before we are aware, and anon it is flickering in the west, and day is over and gone. We may not have made any visible effort; we certainly have not hurried ourselves, but you will find upon investigation that we have accomplished fully as much as you would were you here with your high-pressure engine in full blast.

When evening comes we repose. Repose

is not to be thought of in your country; we repose mightily. The shops are shut up after dark, nearly all of them; why should business transactions be extended into the night when they can just as well be accomplished during the day, and in a very few hours of the day? You are probably at this moment pitying the poor salesman on some down-town business street, or trying to sit out some play at the theater, or boring yourself at the club, or wondering what you can do next to fill up the hours until bedtime. Alas for you and the likes of you!

At the present writing my friends are chatting upon the Makai veranda—that is the veranda on the seaward side of the hotel. Troops of people are constantly arriving and meeting, with mutual compliments; the verandas are speedily filled, so are the settees upon the lawn, where foreigners and natives in great numbers are swarming like bees and buzzing like them.

It is Monday evening; the customary open-air concert is about to take place; in the illuminated kiosk Professor Berger and his clever native lads are adjusting their instru-

ments; the avenues leading to and from the hotel are lined with flambeaux, the verandas are also lighted, and the gathering of youth and beauty—pardon me, it is quite the thing for Honolulu society to do the open-air concerts, and therefore I will go farther—I will add and of fair women and brave men, together with groups of ministers, commissioners, naval officers, etc.; the multitudes who prefer to lounge about under the trees, the native populace that seems to pasture upon the sward, the soft air, the moonlight sifting through leafy canopies—all this is quite enchanting, and it never loses its charm.

The band plays delightfully; applause follows; the audience is attentive and appreciative, especially the native portion, for the Hawaiians are passionately fond of music, and they have not learned the art of conversing audibly to a musical accompaniment.

An English brougham approaches; a portly gentleman alights; it is Kalakaua in citizen's dress; he is graciously received with the scraping of chair legs—for the veranda is crowded; and much fluttering of fans—for the ladies are *en masse*.

Later in the evening I hear the suggestive popping of corks—a sweet reminder; cigarettes have burned unceasingly—does it recall the Champs Elysees? A brief shower sweeps over us, but it is only sufficient to cool the air; we don't even deign to notice it.

Now the band boys sing a plaintive refrain, *andante, sotto voce*, etc., etc.; wonderfully pleasing are these self-taught singers, and quite without the affectations of the more cultivated; down one of the side streets passes a troop of troubadours strumming a *staccato* measure that dies away in the distance like a shower of sparks. A delicious waltz reels out from the kiosque, and the parlor is at once filled with dancers—encore, encore, it is a night for music and mirth! In the intervals of silence, I hear the click of billiard-balls and the huzzas of the victors; and now approaches a troop of horse; ladies in native costume bestride them; a few gentlemen escorts, unusually dusky in the dusk, await the pleasure of the chief horsewoman, who anon gallops away—Whist! a princess, beguiled by the latest hit of Lecocq, paused for a moment in the moonlight, and then vanished away.

But a truce to this, my boy; you must be already asleep, as I shall be a few moments hence, for the Makai veranda is now thunderous with the footsteps of departing guests.

IV.

THROUGH THE MOSQUITO FLEET AND A HULA—HULA

HAWAIIAN HOTEL, HONOLULU, H. I.

CAMERADO! It is not necessary for you to remind me of our cruise in the Mosquito Fleet; every returning moon revives a memory that age cannot wither nor custom stale; but did I tell you of the origin of the name that will long be associated with a very central yet very secret quarter of this beautiful burg? Well, in the beginning was the kalo-patch. Nothing can be prettier than a well-kept kalo-patch; a lake full of calla-lilies, deflowered, might resemble it; when seen from a little distance, and especially from a height, a disk of burnished silver, across which green-enameled arrow-headed leaves in high relief are set apart in lozenge pattern, could not be more attractive; but the trail of the mosquito is over them all.

There was a time when the narrow paths

that ran between the kalo-patches in the quarter of which I write led from one grass house to another; grass houses, like mushrooms, crop up almost anywhere, but especially beside still waters; and so it came to pass that a little village like a toy Venice sat watching its reflection in the unruffled waters of the kalo-patches, and the voice of the multitudinous mosquito in that vicinity was like a chorus of buzz-saws; the place was known to Jack ashore as the Mosquito Fleet, and therein his feet went astray with alacrity and the charmers that charmed never so wisely.

The kalo, as you know, was long since pulled and beaten and eaten in fistfuls of succulent *poi*; the patches have been filled in and sodded over, and the grass houses have given place to miserable wooden shanties, but the original crookedness of the lane that led to destruction is preserved. The way is not broad; on the contrary, it could hardly be narrower, but many there be who go in thereat—as we went once upon a time to spy out the land, and take note of one of the most unique quarters in Honolulu.

What a worm i' the bud it is! the church-

going bells toll over it; the rear walls of highly respectable residences bear upon it; it is within the shadow of the palace of the late Princess Ruth, the last of the Kamehamehas; and Emma Square, with its mimosas and palms, matinee music and applause, actually faces it. But what of all this? If you were alone at the mouth of the mysterious path that winds through the Mosquito Fleet, 'tis so evasive you would unconsciously turn from it, would you not?

We made accidental entrance on one occasion, and traversed what appeared to be a *cul-de-sac*; at the last moment we were shifted as if by magic into a passage hardly broader than our shoulders, and twenty paces long. Suddenly a diminutive village sprang up about us; we felt like discoverers, and wandered jubilantly about among houses with strips of gardens nestling between them, and all fitted together like the bits of a Chinese puzzle. Now it was quite impossible to be certain of anything; for the lane, which seemed without beginning and without end, turned unexpected corners with bewildering frequency, and though we succeeded in threading the peril-

ous mazes, the wonder is that we did not stumble into windows that opened upon us or through doors that blocked the way. We met no one in that narrow path; had we done so one or the other must needs have backed out, or vaulted the fence beyond which it were not seemly to penetrate.

There was music, as there always is music where two or three natives are gathered together—the chant, half nasal, half guttural, such as the mud-wasp makes in his cell, relieved by the boom of the agitated calabash—which reminds me:

Not many moons ago came an ancient mariner. He had seen the world, and was weary; but a *hula-hula* had never gladdened his eyes; so a *hula* was at once appointed in a dingy house off from one of the joints of the labyrinth in Mosquito Fleet.

It was a long low room, dimly lighted; male musicians squatted on the floor against the wall; female dancers posed in front of them; lamps were ranged before their feet like footlights; the ancient mariner and his companions reclined upon musty divans at the other end of the room.

There is nothing more exhilarating than the clang of gourds, half a dozen of them, tossing in the air and being beaten by savage palms; and this to the running accompaniment of voices that are precipitated by the concussion of savage throats. You mark its effect upon the *hula* dancers as the evening wanes; the tireless hands and feet, the quivering limbs, the convulsions that succeed one another with ever-increasing violence; the extraordinary abdominal gyrations; the semi-nude gymnastical rivalry that ultimately plunges the dancers into paroxysms that far outstrip the sensuous ecstasies of the whirling dervish—but it is quite impossible to describe a *hula*; moreover, the improprieties are mute according to law after 10 P. M., and by that time the room we occupied was like a sweat-box; windows and doors packed full of strange, wild faces, and the frequent police gently soothing the clamoring populace without, who, having eyes, saw not, which is probably the acme of aggravation. But there we drew a line, and lo! it was a perfectly straight one. . . .

V.

BY THE SEA.

WAIKIKI BY THE SEA, HONOLULU, H. I.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:—When you have reached the mature years which make the easy life of the tropics my chief joy, you will begin to realize that there is something quite as satisfactory as the celebrated domestic hearth or the prospect of promotion in the army, and that is a bachelor bungalow at Waikiki.

That it is within easy drive of the capital is not enough; that it is within a stone's throw of the park and the race-track, where one may secretly speed one's trotter before day-break by merely turning over in bed, as it were, is not enough; that the telephone recalls you at convenient intervals from a lotus dream, which otherwise might possibly be eternal, is scarcely sufficient unto the day. But a *Lanai* as broad as it is long, and almost

if not quite as dazzling as a transformation scene in the pantomime on boxing night; together with books and pictures and weird instruments with miraculous bowels, that play of their own accord with amiable persistency; and a beach as white and as firm as marble; and canoes, a whole fleet of them; and a real reef that night and day makes moan, and monkey and paradise birds and all the delicacies of the season, save only that most delicate of all, the wife of a fellow's bosom—surely this is enough and more than enough to stay one for a season or two.

Ah me! you will freeze in the north and you will sizzle in the south, while I luxuriate upon the half-shell by the sea, with the mercury serenely ebbing and flowing twixt 75 and 85 degrees the whole year around.

Of course nobody works hereabout; they toil not; neither do they spin; they only imagine they are busy, and in this frame of mind they accomplish just as much in the end as if the lash of the task-master were over them perpetually.

When mine host departs, as if by accident, somewhere in the early P. M., pleading a busi-

ness engagement and looking rather serious in consequence, it is his little joke, and I at least relish it; I know that the whole town, the business portion of it, runs like a mechanical piano, and that if you will only give it time some one or another will wind it up, and then it will play its pretty chorus of summer toil as gayly as if it were so many bars out of a light opera, a jingle of musical coin that is kept up till 5 P. M., when all at once it shuts up or runs down, and life at the beach really begins. It begins with a sunset across a tropic sea, and a twilight that seems longer than common in this vicinity; sometimes there are shadowy ships in this twilight, and there are always canoes enough afloat to make one wish to quote the easy lines about autumnal leaves and brooks in Vallambrosa.

Then comes dinner, and then moonlight and music on sea and shore, and naked fishermen bearing aloft huge torches that gild their bronze-brown bodies; and bathers under the stars, and torchlight fishing with trusty retainers in our host's canoes beyond the silvery surf. And so ends the evening and morning of days that are much alike; but not

for worlds would we vary them, especially such nights as these when the moon is an opal and the stars emeralds and the whole wonderful picture of earth and sea and sky is done in seventeen shades of green.

VI.

UP THE VALE OF NUUANU.

AT THE PALI.

DEAR ABORIGINAL:—When you turned your brawny back upon the bush, resolved to cast your lot with the fell Egyptian, your ship lay in our harbor for six sunny hours. You asked me what there was to be seen of merit beyond the pretty girls on the pretty lawns posing æsthetically at tennis. I at once suggested a drive to the *Pali*, for the *Pali* is what every one must and does see; and, more than this, it is worth seeing.

We drove, you and she and I. You beguiled me with tales of old Australia, for you had not yet cast off the cloak of pride, which is colonial to a degree.* But when we had quit the town, and were slowly ascending the cool, green valley where the rapid streams gurggle by the roadside and the valley walls grow high and steep and close; where the convolvulus

tumbles a cataract of blossoms at your feet, and the creepers go mad and swamp a whole forest under billows of green; where there are leafy hammocks to swing in and leafy towers to climb in and leafy dungeons to bury oneself out of sight in—you sprang out of the carriage and rolled in the grass like a boy; you drank copious draughts of delicious mountain water from the hollow of your cork helmet; and you sent—yes you did!—you sent Egypt to the devil, and swore to abide with us forevermore. A shower of shining rain didn't dampen your ardor, and you wanted to take root just where you were and flourish mightily on the spot; the *Pali* was forgotten—we were not yet within a mile of it—and it was with difficulty that we persuaded you to complete a pilgrimage which I am sure you will never regret.

Under the shadow of a great rock, where I am now writing, we sat that day; for a long time we said nothing; I don't believe that people ever talk much here. In the first place, if you open your mouth too wide you can't shut it again without getting under the lee of something—the wind blows so hard. But

who wants to talk when he is perched on the backbone of an island, with fifteen hundred feet of space beneath him, and the birds swimming in it like winged fish in a transparent sea?

And oh, the silent land beyond the heights, with the long, long, winding, rocky stairway leading down into it. No sound ever comes from that beautiful land, not even from the marvelously blue sea, that noiselessly piles its breakers upon the shore like swan's-down.

A great mountain wall divides this side of the island of Oahu into about equal parts. It is half in sunshine and half in shade; on the one hand is the metropolis, on the other semi-solitude and peace. Peace, a visible, tangible peace, with winding roads in it, and patches of bright green sugar-cane, and wee villages and palm trees upon the distant shore. It is picturesque in form, delicious in color. Something to look at in awe and wonderment, and to turn from at last with a doubt as to its reality.

It is all precisely as you left it, even to the microscopic pilgrims toiling up the long stairway—fugitives from the mysterious land, who

we are surprised to find resemble us not a little. While some come back to us, others are going thither—passing down into the silence and the serenity of the enchanting distance. And so this little world wags on with an easy acquiescence, unchangeable and unchanged, yesterday, to-day, and forever.

Your ship lay in the harbor—a harbor that from the *Pali* reminds one of the Vesuvian Bay—and you hurried away to your Egypt, leaving your heart here, as you protested. “A place to die in,” was your last word to me; “I will return and give up the ghost in peace.”

A place to live in, O prober of pyramids! Having unriddled the Sphinx, is it not about time to think of taking life leisurely, even unto the end?

VII.

AFLOAT.

IN HONOLULU HARBOR.

DEAR DELUDED NAVIGATOR:—I find the log of your canoe club uneventful. What shall it profit a yachtsman though he gain a whole length in a race from Alaska to Mexico, and lose his own dinner on the high seas? Your canoeist is burdened with disadvantages in due proportion. The boatmen that buffet the windy waves of San Francisco Bay are for the most part in pickle; and I have not yet forgotten the regattas where the lads were goose-fleshed, and the lasses, "for all their feathers, were a-cold." It likes me not; I have no stomach for the nautical as exemplified in your summer cruising on raw and gusty Saturdays; and while I beg pardon of the Chispa, the Viva, and the Consuelo, of pleasant memory, I must confess it was nothing to me when the fleet went into winter quarters

on some obscure mud-flat where the chill ripples slapped it under the bows until the spring tides came in.

Our spirits rise with the full moon in this latitude, and we go down to the sea in pairs, with a guitar balanced upon the shoulder. There is a dock whereon boats lie keel upward in the moonlight; where the air is pregnant with the odor of imported lumber and of oakum and of mellow pitch. A few broad, easy steps lead down to the water, on which a skiff is floating, apparently in mid-air, for it seems scarcely to touch the water; about us tower the silhouettes of ships, looking very large indeed, and with tall masts that almost touch the stars.

There is not a sound; there is no one visible; we seem to have suddenly become a part of a picture which was incomplete until we entered. Some one strums a guitar; immediately a boatman is materialized out of a shadow; he draws in the skiff as one would draw a water-lily by the stem; hardly a word is spoken; it is like a fairy interlude wherein everything is done to slow music—for with a guitar in hand, it is next to impossible to keep

from fondling the strings. In a moment we have cast off and are drifting away in space over the shadow of a filmy cloud wherein the stars glimmer like pearls.

There are two belles sharing the helm between them; there are two benedicts who pull languidly at the oars; and there are two amidships, one who cheers the crew with song, the other, your *confrere*, who silently bewails your absence, for a poet alone is all that is necessary to perfect our happiness, and you know I divorced the muse long since.

The world no longer wags for us; we explore shadowy inlets, visit remote shores, and never cease to wonder at the ease and suddenness with which we reach these far-away lands; it is as if our bark were magical, and we all under a spell. We discover coral shoals and are caught sometimes in the unexpected antlers of the coral—for we are adventurers without chart or compass. We look over the side of our bark to see how ghostly the under world is, and sometimes to exclaim at the colorless beauty of those sea-gardens, where the fish feed and fan themselves with transparent, quivering fins.

We drift out toward the great deep, where it falls upon the reef in clouds of diamond dust, and there we are for the first time conscious of the long-drawn suspiration of the sea, and begin to realize a sense of its terrible reserve-power, made manifest in the huge swell that rolls on from horizon to horizon without once breaking; we imagine ourselves cast away in mid-ocean, prostrated by famine and thirst, and with the shadow of impending death hovering over us. We watch each billow as it bears down upon us and lifts us very gently, slipping us over its shoulder and letting us slide down its glossy back; there is something intoxicating in the sense of lightness that possesses us; we are no longer subject to the laws of gravitation; we soar on the wings of the morning.

It is growing late, or rather early, for the serene night has known no flaw since we embarked unnumbered hours ago; we pull up under the little lighthouse, that seems to have waded out into the water on stilts and got stuck there, and we wonder what manner of man inhabits it. It is the quaintest little lighthouse in the world, and seems capable

of being pulled out in all directions, as if it were a conjurer's box; it has balconies and dormer-roofs and adjustable compartments, and is as fantastic as a Chinese bird-cage, in fair weather; but it can shut itself up turtle fashion in case of necessity, and, as self-preservation is a primal law, to this hour I am not sure that it does not sink out of sight, like the nautilus, when the winds are foul.

We touch at the King's boathouse, speak the royal yacht—in a whisper, for she seems to be asleep upon the water; we run under the marine railway—how like a stranded leviathan she looks, stripped down to the bone and with the low hanging moon shining slantwise through her ribs! We think how, not very many years ago, the harbor was packed so full of Arctic whalers that one could pass the length and breadth of it by leaping from deck to deck—but this was before the steam whaler and the explosive harpoon had knocked the bottom out of Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, and New Bedford. We think also of another night when we were afloat in these still waters, and off yonder a Japanese war-ship lay at anchor; while we were watching her and listen-

ing to the music that was wafted from ship and shore, a swarm of diminutive sailors sprang into the rigging, each with a light in his hand; they ran like sprites, those sailor boys, to the peak and the tips of the spars, and the bulwarks were alive with them, and then, almost before we knew it, the ship-of-war was as gorgeous as a tiger-lily, while she floated in a sea as red as wine. It was the feast of lanterns, and all too soon the lights burned out, and she that was superbly beautiful disappeared like a phantom ship in the darkest night of the season.

In this mood we say good-night to the old wreck on the reef—there is nothing but the spine left now—and good-night to the battered hulk that crept into the harbor after a gale had torn her masts out by the roots and shaken her screws loose, and spread her timbers like the sticks of a fan—but now she is at rest. Then we look again and again upon the misty mountains, the shadowy valleys, and the shining shores, and we think how the invisible world that the sweet-souled and patient blind dwell in must be like this; a world wherein there is no glare of day, but which

is always slumbering in a twilight inexpressibly serene and of an unfading beauty.

O poet! you who make your "Ballads of the Bay," and get paid for them, what do you know of all this, and, not knowing, what do you care? But every man to his taste; and as for us, there are sandwiches as thin as wafers, a salad and mulled wine awaiting us up the valley. Let us go hence.

The Kid, who lately joined us in a reverie, has once more turned his forehead to the stars and melodiously salutes them; our boatman is growing gray upon the shore; we turn our prow homeward, and with a few vigorous strokes, that flutter the phosphorescent fire-flies of the sea, we come in with the tide of song. . . .

VIII.

ASHORE.

HONOLULU, H. I.

FELLOW-STUDENT:—In the days when we used to lounge among the shipping and hide on the sunny side of a bale of fragrant hay, smoking the surreptitious cigarette—with what horror we saw that the smoke thereof was likely to betray us—I believe we were never so happy as when by some fortunate chance we found ourselves on the forecastle of a bark just in from Tahiti or the Sandwich Islands, and heard the dark-skinned sailors talking together in an unknown tongue. A faint odor of spices prevailed there, and the shells and trinkets the sailors gave us were long preserved in our juvenile cabinets; but we have each of us, in our time, played many parts; and now, insignificant as we are, it takes both Occident and Orient to hold us.

While you are facing the footlights, and, no doubt, getting many a well-earned round of applause, I saunter among the docks in the hot sunshine of the antipodes, scenting everything under heaven, from sugar to sardines. There is the fish market on the one hand and the marine railway, with its margin of mud flats, on the other, and between the two stretch the quarter-deck awnings, under which it is a luxury to lounge. It may be that the small-fry of the inter-island fleet are not picturesque, save when their white sails glimmer in a distant calm, but there is always a suggestion of repose about them as they lie at the docks with groups of languishing natives wilting in the vicinity; and there is likewise much gossip and laughter mingling with the odor of Hawaiian tobacco and cocoanut-oil; as for the crews of these craft, they seem to be playing at work, and the mercantile marine in our tranquil harbor reminds one of the boat-sailing on summer Saturdays when we were boys together.

Little sails steal in and out of the reef-passage like pretty toys; toy steamers puff to and fro between the islands, and the most

serious business is transacted as if it were half in fun; this charming illusion is heightened when we discover that the really big ships don't cross the harbor bar at all, but anchor beyond the reef in blue water. As for the old-time whalers, now fast going out of date, once in a while one of them appears on the horizon and for two or three days she will drift back and forth, with all sail set, and then disappear, like a veritable "Flying Dutchman"; the captain fears to trust his tars within reach of our native sirens, and so transacts his business at long range and departs.

Don't imagine that anything is lost in what may seem to you like grown-up sport—I mean the affable business relations which we sustain with ease. A nomadic population swarms upon the deck of every outgoing and incoming boat; the air is sweetened with sugar and spice and all that's nice; and there are times when the docks are so crowded that the latest arrivals have to bide their time in mid-stream, turn and turn about, which ought to be a great comfort to them after having wrestled with wind and wave for two or three weeks, or even months, possibly. At intervals the

missionary packet Morning Star is with us, and then we go down to bargain for pink coral and quaintly woven South Sea fans; or some vessel arrives from the Tropic of Capricorn, freighted with half-naked savages, who look like the pictures of cannibals in obsolete geographies. These tattooed strangers stay for a while on the plantations, and then they are shipped home again, full of half-formed new ideas, and with more or less powder and shot in their carpet-sacks; they even acquire a taste for *bric-a-brac*, and some of them invest their little all in an assortment of cheap mirrors, dolls, and light articles of kitchen furniture, most of which will probably be worn as ornaments on state occasions in those bright little isles of which we read.

Oh, but you should watch one of our barks laden and ready for sea, her bow swung out into the stream and pointing toward the channel, her stern still fast to the dock, her vast canvas set and swelling in the breeze. She seems to be straining every nerve and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. Everything is in readiness, and the cables, that seem upon the point of parting, are suddenly loosed

and cast off; with an almost perceptible thrill of joy she floats swiftly away, and is blown down between the amber tinted shallows like a wild swan fleeing from her nest among the reeds. Friends took their last look across the widening gulf; the silent tear is shed, the fluttering handkerchiefs are pressed to the dimmed eyes, and when business—which was suspended for a moment in the vicinity—is resumed again, there comes a sense of loneliness that sometimes lasts long after the lessening sail has dropped like a star beyond the vague horizon.

The departure of the steamer Like-like of old, and of the Kinau of more recent date, on Tuesday at 4 P. M., is sure to call forth more or less emotion; each usually has a crowded passenger list—with a very large proportion of Hawaiians—and though the inter-island voyage is an affair of hours, not days or weeks, parting is such sweet sorrow that many of us go down to visit the little steamer and to listen to the sobbing of the sympathetic sea. The blue-blooded whites shake hands and wave a light adieu; but the natives, male and female, fall upon one

another's necks and weep copiously in their best clothes. This display of emotion is highly dramatic, because it is genuine; brief grief is bound to be genuine as long as it lasts—it doesn't have time to be anything else; it is demonstrative and picturesque, and for the most part utterly unconscious, yet all the while the deck and the dock are crowded with interested spectators, who regard it as a pathetic or amusing spectacle, according to their point of view. Certainly it is a spectacle, this Tuesday paroxysm; it is brilliant with color, for the emotional victims are led to the sacrifice wreathed with flowers; then there are fruit offerings without stint, and drink offerings on the sly, and smoke offerings in stumpy pipes that pass from mouth to mouth through a constantly increasing circle of acquaintances, and when the Like-like or the Kinau is finally well out in the stream, and the belated last man, who cast himself scornfully into a skiff, is now being pulled through a port-hole with considerable lack of discretion, we all step townward, for the curtain has been rung down on the perturbed sensibilities and the consoling hour of dinner is at hand. . . .

IX.

A SABBATICAL MATINEE.

HONOLULU, H. I.

HERR PROFESSOR:—You are a little too literal. In the first place, Emma Square is in reality an oblong; in the second place, the seventh day, being “the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, in which thou shalt do no labor,” etc., etc., we keep the shops open till 2 P. M., or even later, and when it is not the busiest of days, which it sometimes is, we go out to the cricket match on the plains or attend the matinee concert, *al fresco*, free, gratis, for nothing. In short, we break all of the ten commandments, or nearly all of them, just as regularly and religiously as they are broken throughout the Christian world. Of course, on Sunday we are at church; there is nowhere else to go on Sunday, and it is well to observe the first day of the week, though we break the seventh, which is the Sabbath, into ten thousand fragments.

There are turnstiles at the four corners of Emma Square; they are a kind of patent church to which the just and the unjust alike resign themselves and are pumped out on the other side without serious damage. The utility of the machine reminds one of the trap doors that block the exits and entrances at popular places of amusement in more civilized communities. Paths, cushioned with volcanic sand, wind in and out among trees and flowering shrubs, and all that pertains to this favorite resort, from the kiosque in the center to the long hard benches that face it on every hand, is suggestive of the easy familiarity of social life in the tropics. Hither come the grave, the gay, the lively, the severe; the British admiral is not too admirable to meet his crew on the dead level of Emma Square; nor is the *gamin* too independent to return the royal salute with some pomposity; even the solitary local celebrity, "the dandy," the only indigenous dude, now on his last legs, sometimes looks in upon us with undimmed eyeglass, albeit his eyes are nearly sightless.

The streets that surround the square are lined with vehicles on concert days and even-

ings; at least one princess is a regular attendant at the Saturday *matinée*, and not infrequently two or more lean from their carriages, dividing their attention between the music and the "mashers"; the King drives here occasionally, pausing in his deliberate circuit of the square to chat with friends. There are pony phaetons driven by pretty girls, and gay riding parties, and solitary horsemen doing the statuesque in stirrups, and a proper proportion of young gentleman loungers, who stroll about in tennis suits; they snatch a few moments from the battlefield to refresh themselves with music; and these highly decorative youths are observed to distribute their compliments with judicious impartiality.

Emma Square at such a time is a breathing spot for the business man, a playground for the indifferent children of the earth, a place of rest and relaxation for every one who lives within reach of it. It is the parade ground of the middies, and the bare feet of the urchin tread the same soil with French gaiters and Oxford-ties. What though the rain sifts down out of the cloudless sky? The umbrella tree is at hand, and the India-rubber, and

there is ever the broad banana leaf, under whose silken canopy Paul and Virginia found shelter.

Oh marvelous rain, that powders one without wetting him! Oh marvelous rainbow, that stretches its airy arch against a heaven of brilliant blue! Oh marvelous green half-acre, so fresh, so fair, so flowery, wherein the Sabbatical matinee is made mirthful; wherein the moonlight nights are doubly melodious, where the melody is lamplit when the moon has hidden her face; and where at no time or season, and under no circumstances whatever, is it forbidden to walk upon the grass!

X.

A POI-FEED.

HAWAIIAN HOTEL, HONOLULU, H. I.

AIKANE:—It happened in Number 500, the *makua* cottage in the hotel grounds that must be forever associated with the memory of the Kohala boys. The Kohala boys were not present on the occasion of which I write; they had withdrawn to Kohala for repairs, and "Number 500" was ours for the time being.

All the morning a carriage had been rolling to and fro, actively engaged in facilitating the arrangements for a poi-feed. There were fish of the rarest description to be captured, fresh from the net, at three o'clock A. M.; these were to be swathed in succulent leaves and cooked in mysterious ways. Fowls likewise were to be procured; and a piglet, done to death and as delicate in texture as a new born babe. There was a punch-bowl, and a bath-

tub full of ice-water, wherein was sunk many a bottle of the choicest liquids that ever enriched our house of customs.

All this took time and a carriage, and it was twilight before we sat in a big circle on the floor and feasted our hungry eyes. Fish, raw and cooked, were served in nests of leaves; flesh and fowl, snow-flaky and delicious beyond conception; and such seaweed salad as only mermaids and Hawaiians know how to make; powdered kukui-nuts for condiment, and crystals of rock salt; over all, and round about all, flowers and ferns were strewn in rich profusion; wreaths were upon our necks and brows; we were bacchanalians in a decorative art sense, and moreover there was neither knife nor fork to mar our pleasure, nor prude, nor shrew, nor prying eye, nor anything but endless appetite and the very best of good fellowship. The guitars were not silent, nor were the voices hushed; and when, weary of the feast, we sank back upon downy pillows and felt like silken Sybarites, there was one who broke into a barbaric chant, and with much suggestive gesticulation, danced from the knees up until we cried "Enough!"

Then we ate again, and yet again, and perchance dozed at intervals, for the resources of the poi-feed are inexhaustible, and it was not until we had each and all had a fling at the inimitable Hula-Kui—and, alas! for the most part covered ourselves with confusion not unmixed with poi—that we separated with much *adieu*. The skeleton at that feast was composed almost entirely of fish-bones; not until the day following did we know one regret.

But there is a balm in Gilead, *Aikane!* You must know this from experience. It is as soft as oil; it is as mild as camel's-milk; it is more soothing than a lullaby; not myrrh, nor hyssop, nor all the perfumes of Arabia, can pick a fellow up like one of these. I refer—need I name it?—to the poi-cocktail. Mothers use it, medicinally; children, the native and the acclimated, cry for it habitually; without it, or rather without its principal ingredient, the gentle Hawaiian would pass like a small cloud from the face of the earth and the sea.

You need not ask your grocer for it; he knows nothing of its many virtues; you must come hitherward to seek it, for it is to be taken

on the spot and taken after you have been well shaken—for instance, after a poi-feed like the one above referred to. It will smoothe your ruffled plumage; it will restore your soul; it will deliver you from limbo, and fill you with a great, an unutterable peace, in return for which ten thousand thousand thanks were poor indeed. You will thrive under its influence; you will grow charitable and philosophical; and it is not unlikely that while contemplating the flourishing condition of the retired American missionary, combined with the efficacy of the poi-cocktail, you will generously and freely, if not emphatically, acknowledge that the nation has not been converted in vain.

XI.

KAPENA.

HONOLULU, H. I.

STRONG SWIMMER:—In your agony of goose-flesh and chills at the baths of Alameda or Monterey, forget not the sweet pool of Kapena. It may be said of us in these islands that we are never out of sight of the sea, and to most of us its sound is ever audible; but there is a vale hidden among the hills that woos us from the shore, for it is within easy walking distance of the capital, and in the heart of it is a deep pool fed by a living stream; it is Kapena.

There, removed from the convocation of political worms, one may angle without bait, taking the flame-flecked goldfish by the handful; or, weary of this dalliance, bask upon beds of mimosa, stripped to the natural buff or old gold or bronze, as the case may be. The sensitive plant is all that recoils at our

state, for we are under the shoulders of a high hill, and heights hem us in on every side; moreover, the approach to this famous bath is so delusive that a stranger might easily thread the path in search of the swimming-pool and turn back before he has sighted it; the way is not steep, but it is thorny, and the stream that it follows, which brawls among rocks and rushes, has so many tempting basins that a swimmer might easily fall by the wayside. Moreover, the points of the hills fit in and in, like hands that have been half unclasped, and though the diminutive cascades are musical and the gigantic cacti formidable, and the avenue of *lauhala*—that weird tree, with its roots in the air and the trail of its leaves like knots of yard-long, gray-green ribbon—though the *lauhala* avenue is unique, there is, as you well know, a chance of the stranger losing heart at last, and not placing his foot within the gates of Kapena.

I do not claim for it a wide range of color; nor has it any feature that is remarkable in form; it is merely a stream tumbling between boulders into a placid sheet of not particularly clear water. On one side is a projecting

cliff bearded with shadows; on the other a steep slope with ferns and creepers. Above the waterfall one catches a glimpse of distant hills, on which the sun seems always to be shining. Below, the view is limited. The descending path follows the outlet under one of the rocky heights and soon is lost to view. There is really very little to distinguish the place from any of the thousand and one bathing haunts of the Hawaiians, but its associations are very dear to the people; for the solitary cocoa palm that leans from the bank of Kapena has outlived several amphibious generations, and it will probably look just as it looks to-day—a little ragged and weather-worn, and awfully lonesome—for amphibious generations to come.

It is when the sun is hottest and a half-holiday that Kapena awakens; soothed by the lullaby of its own waters, it often sleeps; its palm is a slumberous palm at all times, for it no doubt prefers to dream of the days when the nation was heroic and when its heroes came hither to refresh themselves—did you never lie there a-dreaming in the silence and the summer sunshine, a-dreaming with one

eye open, if, peradventure, an angel might trouble the pool? At times Kapena is filled with swimmers: they spend hours in the water and upon the banks; brown, sleek, glossy fellows sunning themselves like seals upon the rocks; running, romping, wrestling, diving to see who shall stay longest under water, or climbing to the top of the cliff and leaping off—an exhibition not only of daring but of exceeding grace.

Who of us will forget the seasons we have spent there when the rocks rang with musical laughter? when the shores were peopled by water-nymphs? when the bronze cupids ate madly of rare-ripe watermelon and drank deeply of ginger-pop? when the sages were boys again, and the boys were imps, and Kapena was beaten to a froth with the frantic gambols of the innocents? Why do I remind you of all this if you do not see again, while you read, what I see whenever I get the chance to? If you don't remember that the native modesty of the native nude is so convincing it requires no apology for the absence of everything else? Do you not recall that brilliant tableau of the flower of Hawaii, plump as a

mango, graceful as a bamboo-wand, poised upon the dreadful summit of the cliff, ready to plunge like a shooting star into the depths below? He is about to dive through two elements, rose-tinted air and amber-tinted water—out of the sunset into the dark! All eyes are upon him, for the beauty of his flight is unparalleled, and as he poises for a moment upon the extremest verge of the abyss in an attitude that might quicken the soul of a sculptor, he seems to chant, in the words of the revised Psalmist: "Wash me, and I shall be browner than soap!"

XII.

THE COLONIAL TRANSIT.

HAWAIIAN HOTEL, HONOLULU, H. I.

MISERABLE AMERICAN:—Do you realize in what low esteem you are held by your Colonial cousin? It is true that he condescends to pass through your great country on his way to the diminutive mother-land; but it may be that the cholera in Egypt or the war in Africa compels this condescension, and in most cases you will please regard it as compulsory patronage. The Colonist at home is doubtless a very proper fellow, being one with all things antipodean; but the Colonist abroad is insulated—the pelican of the wilderness not more so. And while he is still swollen with Austral pride, he touches our shore and humbles us in the dust.

Of course you will not comprehend this, for the Colonist, as you know—if indeed you know him at all—is an angular nonentity,

tipped with a cork-helmet and with a field-glass on his hip; or he is a perfectly round and well-fed, if not over-fed, person, whose face seems to have had all expression scrubbed out of it; on the street he is an interrogation in a puggery, or a satirical, parenthetical comment inclosed in feminine brackets. In the human ebb and flow upon your crowded pavements he is no more than a bubble upon a stream; but with us it is otherwise. We count the day, almost the hour, when the mail-packet is due from Australia; and from the cupola above we can track her passage from the horizon to the dock. No sooner is she comfortably moored than carriages begin to arrive at the hotel, and very shortly the corridors and verandas are swarming with tourists, mostly Colonial.

That the Colonist has little knowledge of us is evident from the first; that he accepts our amiable explanations of the situation with the generous condescension of one who considers himself a superior being is evident to the last. His hopeless perplexity over the relative value of English and American coinage; the startling ingenuousness of his inter-

rogations; his comic confusion at the bar, where, perhaps, for the first time in his life he attempts to solve the mystery of mixed drinks, do not drag him down to our level; we are still to be numbered among the milder attractions of the Hawaiian menagerie, and it is for this reason, I suppose, that the old kangaroo in knickerbockers, and the dowager emu on his arm, turn from us disdainfully when we have been ogled to their hearts' content.

I would not have you think that there are not glorious men who come out of the bush; grand men having immense individuality; philosophers who have plunged into the waste places of the dark continent and dwelt there, and who have come back into the world again with a spiritual and mental growth that ought to atone for the absence of it in so many of their fellows; these stalwart explorers are not for a moment to be confounded with the average specimen, who, as long as he infests the hotel, is miserably divided between an anxiety as to the hour of "tiffin," and an over-willingness to cast his eye upon Government House and hallow it.

He has suffered no sea-change since the hour he abandoned the provinces; he stalks haughtily through our streets with an air implying that it is his conviction that an all-wise Providence, mindful of the possible visitation of a stray Australian, has therefore touched off a volcano of no mean dimensions to light him on his way.

The Colonial transit is not without interest, for the Colonists *in transitu* descend upon us in full feather, and depart like a precipitous flight of cranes—and this is at least spectacular!

Sic transit gloria coloniarum!

XIII.

DAY OF REST.

HONOLULU, H. I

REVEREND DEAR FATHER:—High mass was over in the cathedral; twin sanctuary boys in scarlet cassocks and starched surplices were reverently extinguishing the tapers upon the high altar; the air was still freighted with incense—when I withdrew and wended my way to the postoffice. The postoffice is a shrine to which many pilgrimages are made on Sunday; the business man fulfills this duty religiously; neither wind nor weather prevails against him. The angelus was ringing as I returned; a great throng of worshipers that yet lingered within the Mission gates stood with heads uncovered from *Angelus Domini* to the last amen.

Then I wandered up the valley thinking of you and of the days when you were with us seeking refreshment and rest; a celebrant at

that most precious altar; our guide, philosopher, and friend in suburban explorations and in quiet hours by the sea. But Sunday is no longer a day of rest for you, nor is it likely that you will ever again know rest till you have dropped in harness somewhere by the wayside, or in the mart, or the wilderness that has been trodden by your tireless feet these many, many years.

I wish you might have been with us to-day, sweet saint! You would have seen how I find a day of rest now and again; I, who need it so little yet have it, while you, who are so much in need of it, have it not. However, I know that you will not begrudge me the avenue of royal palms I threaded, nor the lawn, with its breadths of verdant plush, nor the peristyle of roses, beneath which is a huge jade vase, bearing an epic of wonderland in high relief, and beyond which is a cot—a kind of dove-cote *perdu*. Here one is sure of a welcome that just fits into a day of rest and perfects it. Under a canopy of creepers and climbers in bud, blossom, and fruit, there is a lounge with a happy valley in it where one may curl up and *purr*; there are easy-chairs

for cigarettes and tiny tables for black coffee after a dinner of unexampled delicacy and deliciousness. There is a dusky room, full of dainty wares, the silence of which is broken at intervals by a light touch upon the piano-keys—wandering fingers in search of forgotten melodies; and there is a youngster flitting about like a butterfly—a youngster that may have stepped out of the stained glass window of some dim cathedral and been made flesh, for aught I know.

If the afternoon light is fierce, we make a tent of *jamdari* draperies, or hang folds of orange velvet for a screen, upon which shadow leaves are wrought in Japanese style, and we have an afterglow exquisite and exclusive.

And ever the flight of time is unheeded; clocks strike—if they care to strike—for the mere fun of it, and not at all in a business way. There are silent interludes; there are pages to be conned or let alone; sometimes we bubble over with mirth, for this also is restful; but nothing is permitted to disturb the repose which we cultivate as chief of the fine arts, not even the sharp showers that drive over us at uncertain intervals, with the

clatter of hail, leaving the grass and the flowers powdered with brilliants.

It seems that nothing but night and darkness can round off so serenely sensuous an experience, and in the darkness of night we dissolve away, two of us walking side by side. Would we might make it three, ghostly father, but as we may not here's rue for you—"we call it herb-grace o' Sundays"—the grace I wish you and all Christian souls. Selah.

XIV.

HIGHWAYS.

HONOLULU, H. I.

TO A FAIR ANONYMOUS, THESE LINES, IN
MEMORY OF HAPPIER DAYS:—You surely
will remember the balmy afternoon when you
surprised me in the solitude of Spook Hall.

You had just set foot on shore; such a wee
little foot, and so daintily shod—by the by,
it was the most beautiful of your sex who rose
also from the waves upon the edge of a sum-
mer isle! You awakened me from a dream,
to a reality more beautiful than a dream; you
dazzled among the lilies, and broke the silence
of the old Hall with glorious and triumphant
song; and then, half regretfully, for the solemn-
ity of the place soothed and comforted you
voyagers, we got upon wheels—alas! that
they were not chariot wheels—and were driven
through all the highways of the tropical
metropolis.

Do you remember how we bowled down the easy slope of Nuuanu Avenue, unique in the annals of highways, and in so many minutes had passed from the airy domains of the more luxurious residents into the very heat and burden of the town?

I have traveled the avenue when it was merely a strip of land, like a tow-path, between acres and acres of *kalo*; it was as if the *kalo* patches had been miraculously divided, so that the exodus of the weary citizen was facilitated, and he passed through the midst thereof dry-shod. In those days there was another highway along the flank of Punch Bowl, that extinct town-crater, and the Nuuanu road was not fashionable; moreover, in those days it—the latter I mean—dipped into the upper stream, and the freshets guttered it with impunity; but now the higher way has fallen almost into disuse, and is the basis of a young Azorean colony. The bridge that spans the upper stream, the reclaimed *kalo* land, the numerous suburban villas, the fresher, sweeter air, and the shy showers that fall in the valley, but have spent their force long before they reach the town, these have

made Nuuanu Avenue one of the most interesting and attractive of Honolulu highways.

Still stand the walls of a mountain lodge far up the valley—an angular stone ruin now, that was beloved of one of the Kamehamehas; and here the avenue is a broad pastoral way, with the tall grass waving upon its rough edges. There also is the summer home of the Queen Dowager, and at one end of the avenue is the famous Pali—an astonishing pictorial climax; at the other is the town, hidden in a grove beside the sea.

The lack of uniformity in the architecture on both sides of the avenue is one of its chief charms. It has been of slow growth; the cot of the early missionary remains, a very few of the humbler native huts likewise; even the coolie launderer spouts and sprinkles his linen in a shanty of his own contrivance, and within the fire limits there are at least two vegetable gardens of no mean dimensions on this very democratic highway. Over against these necessary evils, out of which much good cometh, the merchant princes have elaborated their dwellings, and in some instances have set their household gods and goddesses among

clustering palms, beside sparkling water courses, or where fountains play softly in perfumed bowers.

Have you forgotten a certain contiguity of shade, wherein graceful chalets and kiosks were half secreted; or the silver globes that shone like huge stars in the perpetual twilight that reigned there? It is true that the *fauna* was the *fauna* of the foundry, clad in thick coats of paint; but the flora was the flora of fairyland.

Beretania Street charmed you, and we drew up for a moment before the lovely lawn, with the most tropical of houses, under a huge tent-like roof, in the dim distance at the far end of the lawn; and there we saw gay lads and lassies tripping it fantastically at tennis.

The leafy reservations, that are the pride of Emma Street, we coveted; and were breathless with delight as we slowly threaded the Gothic colonnade of palms that encircles the pleasure grounds at the Queen's Hospital. Through King Street, on the Plains, you were constantly exclaiming at the jungles of feathery *mesquite* that clouded the air with demi-semi-shadows.

We catalogued the amazing possibilities of the Park, still in its pea-green adolescence; and came briskly townward on the Waikiki road, where the sea seemed very much higher than the shore, and the "league-long-roller" looked as if it must break over our heads the very next minute.

Ah, me! The sun set for you that night, and covered himself and all of us with glory, and you thought only to tarry forever in such a clime were heaven enough to comfort a world-weary soul. But you would not—for you could not—stay with us!

Is it sorry you are, fair Penitent, now that you are defrauded of all this local loveliness?

Serves you right! you turned your back upon us, and when the moon was leaning over the shoulder of the hill, I saw your great ship fade like a phantom, and across the dim waste, out of the stillest night that ever was on sea or land, came a voice as of one crying in the wilderness of the waters: "Farewell, farewell, and once again farewell!" It was a long farewell, for the sound of that voice is stilled—I shall hear it no more, forever!

XV.

BY-WAYS.

HONOLULU, H. I.

THE tropical metropolis is rich in by-ways; an accurate diagram of all its streets, alleys, lanes, passages, and short-cuts would resemble an Arabian scripture. Many of the lesser paths are known only to the initiated. All at once, some one appears upon the scene; he may have emerged from a banana thicket, or sidled out of a cleft in a wall, or crept through a knot-hole, for aught I know; it is as if he had been suddenly materialized. Somebody else as mysteriously disappears by a process of absorption, and the places that knew him a moment before know him no more for an indefinite period.

I like these surprising exits and entrances. I always wish to follow the fellow-being who faded out like an effigy in a magic lantern, and learn his fate, but I never shall, though

seldom in this latitude does one read that aggressive legend "No Thoroughfare"—a bit of gratuitous impertinence that prevails in most cities, and is no doubt a necessary snub to most citizens. I choose to preserve the mystery of these winding ways, and to people the undiscovered countries to which they lead with beings too bright for common use.

The sweet seclusion of the streets, which was the delight of delightful Elia, may be taken literally here; and here, in consequence, Elia would miss all that offered him seclusion, and sweetened it to his taste.

There are by-ways in which the cottages seem to have been designed exclusively for the home of love and the housing of herb dinners; anything so gross as the stalled ox would give rank offense in these localities. The guitar is lightly strummed in a privacy bounded by jalousies, passion-flowers and myrtles. Love swings under his vine and fig tree in a hammock that has made of two souls a single chrysalis, and webbed a brace of hearts in one rapturous cocoon. The foot of the infrequent passer-by falls noiselessly in the grassy lane; the never very swift current of life in the tropics

drops one at intervals into dream-like eddies among the by-ways, where it is difficult to realize that one is quite awake—nor am I sure that such is really the case.

There is one weird by-way called Kukui Place. It abuts upon a plantation of banana, and a field of pulse and lentils. It carefully avoids a structure which was once a chapel, and emerges from the rear of the deconsecrated edifice, with a kind of shame-faced air, upon a brief but eminently respectable street. Kukui Place has a wall or a ridge upon one side of it; a toy-like cliff that overtops your head. A few diminutive lodges are grouped along this ledge, and the effect of the whole is unique, if not startling—as if it were almost an optical illusion, or were a little out of drawing, or were not exactly what it should be; probably it is not!

That ridge, though it is considerably above sea level and far removed from the shore—fully a quarter of a mile—that ridge is a coral reef, and once upon a time the waves broke thunderously in Kukui Place, and there the now extinct monsters of the deep wallowed and sunned themselves; this was before the

island had grown up or was peopled—possibly before the deluge.

Not every by-way is a page of unwritten history; Kukui Place stands almost alone in this respect; but there are by-ways dearer to me than it has ever dared to be, and far dearer than any of the more pretentious avenues. Science has deflowered the King's Highway; umbrageous boughs are lopped so that the aerial cable may twang nasal gossip upon the distended tympanum of a breathless island world; the galled jades wince there and are a spectacle to gods and men—let us withdraw! Call these by-ways "cow-paths" if you will, for they are nameless, and only to be identified by some tree or flower, a color or an odor all their own; but they are the clew to velvety nooks where the solitary lead Crusoe lives, and even to look in upon them in the friendliest way seems like intrusion.

There is one leafy lane I call my own; upon the two sides of it the rude stone walls are starred with lichen; the wild *covolvulus* tumbles a cataract of blossoms along its turfy bed, and there the ghostly flower of the midnight breathes its soul away under the watch-

ful stars. Within a mango grove, at the top of this lane, I see thatched gables; a bridle-path descends into a hollow vale, where the still waters are lily-laden, where goldfish and sunbeams flash in the amber depths. The birds cry "halt" at my approach, and the bees and butterflies circle about me to mislead me, for these are all its sentinels; but out of that Eden, blown softly upon the privileged winds, voices are borne to me, and music and the rhythm of dancing feet; and they that dwell therein set all their lives to the melody of lutes and laughter, and are always young and fair, and fearless of decay and death. Yet across the first sod in that alluring way I have never set my foot—across it I never shall.

I believe blindly in the perennial joys of that paradise; I bless it always as I pass it by, but I would rather pass it by forever than to risk bereavement in discovery; nor will I ever reveal to you, or any one, the place of its concealment.—

It is mine alone! . . .

XVI.

IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

HONOLULU, H. I.

GENTLE ANGLER:—You, who pride yourself on your apostolical proclivities, who have whipped all the trout streams within the state boundaries, and cast your net in the deep sea—where, I beg leave to remind you, you long since sunk your reputation for veracity—if you could only lounge with me in the market-place at dawn, when the fish are freshest, or on Saturday afternoon, when the Hawaiian lays in his family supplies. If you only could!

Fish, flesh, and fowl are displayed in abundance under an expansive roof that, like the black tent of the Bedouin, is meant only for a kind of sunshade. On one hand glares the sun of the tropics; on the other sparkles the tropical sea; there are no cool slabs of marble here, with rows of huge salmon shimmering under showers of artificial spray; we

have nothing but benches of the rudest sort, and these are littered with a variety of merchandise, hopelessly confused.

Fish catch the eye at once; pretty painted things that look as if they had been designed for the ornamentation of a fountain or a parlor aquarium, rather than for table use. Fish that have swum through sunset seas and caught their radiant dyes; fish that might leap a rainbow without deranging its seven-toned harmony; fish like prisms with fins—or fans, rather, and Japanese fans at that!

Oh, what flashing fish! fantailed moonbeams and sunbeams; phosphorescent firebrands; elfish things cased in shining armor—ambassadors from the coral kingdom. Angel-fish—gauzy-winged amphibia, born of the foam and a star-ray; sea-meteors that glance from the crest of a wave and go out with a visible splash; delicious, pulpy, manna-like morsels, that, when daintily dished, are a sauce unto themselves. And other assorted piscatorial bric-a-brac.

From the market place one looks directly upon the marine pastures where these flocks feed; mermen, knee-deep upon the reef, are

herding them; mermaidens mock them in their gambols; bronze-brown babies dot the middle distance—these also are fishified; and may be classed as *Cyclostomata*, having eel-like bodies, a cartilaginous skeleton, and adhesive mouths.

All the aquatic delicacies of the season are here, and here is the most delicate of all. It is not a mould of starch—it is pale, pearly, opalescent, globular; beneath it knots of clinging tendrils, that, like the locks of Medusa, are instilled with individual life, wave languidly; sometimes these elongated, boneless fingers, fashioned out of curd, and sopped in whey, clasp one another feebly in mild despair. Its bulbous body resembles a large soap bubble, filled with smoke; it is a spherical cloud charged with forked red lightning; darting veins appear and disappear; little fireballs jet fiercely from the heart and are buried in vapory tissues. It is like an enormous blood-shot eye, ripped from the socket of some monster, and still sweating great tears; its roots are a tangle of jellied streamers, and in the center of it is a shadowy pupil, whose stony stare is fixed upon you while you drive a sharp bargain in the market-place.

This is the delicious squid, the devil-fish, dissolving in slow death; and he it is, when in his element, who brings an embarrassing period to a swift conclusion by disappearing under a squirt of ink—as I do now. . . .

XVII.

AMONG THE WREATH-MAKERS.

HONOLULU, H. I.

OFTEN have I thought of you, dear D——, with your pot of sweet basil on the window seat, and Keats' melodious rhyme, which we were wont to quote upon it.

Oftener have I thought of you when lingering among the wreath-makers, who ply their delicate trade in the shadow of the Queen's garden.

The wreath-makers come to town in the morning laden with cut flowers; a calabash of *poi* and a quart bucket of coffee are a necessary portion of this burden, for they come to make a day of it, and part of a night, also.

There is a space allotted to each of them on the pavement, or underneath the shop-windows, or along the saloon verandas; but the most pastoral quarter is by the garden of

the Dowager Queen; that background is the fittest for these primitive bazaars, which are without other appurtenance save a single mat, barely broad enough to lie upon. Here the wreath-maker displays her wealth: flowers, flowers, flowers—of all colors, forms, and perfumes; heaps of petals and coronas, dismembered corollas, lying in fluffy snow-drifts or drifts of flaky gold; rose-tinted, shell-shaped leaves, and leaves of every hue powdered with pollen; pollen dust upon the fingers of the weavers, who with long thread-likerushes make ropes wherewith love binds his victims. Color and form and perfume, a triplication of beauty to hang about the neck and bind the brows withal.

All day these wreaths—which we call *lei's*—are for sale at the hands of drowsy venders, who are squatted out of doors under the sun; and in the evening, when the glow-worm lanterns are alight, there is much merriment and brisk bargaining, for the unregenerate youth of the land go to and fro, crowning one another like Bacchantes. Color and form and fragrance!—it is a wonder that the bee does not hive with these flower girls, and for once for-

get to be busy; a wonder that the pendulous humming-bird does not flash like a flame, or blossom like a flower, in that odoriferous atmosphere; but they 'don't—at least, not to my knowledge.

Dusky Lotharios haunt the roe-eyed wearers of garlands, and babble foolishly as if drunken with balsamic balm. The pilgrim and the stranger bends his neck to the flower-yoke with ludicrous precipitancy; but there comes a time when he is fully acclimated, when each whiff of cocoanut oil dispels an illusion; when he discovers that Hawaiian women are not all young and not all fair; when, in passing the congregation of wreath-makers, his nostrils alone are elated and the tipsy salute of young Flora in the dishevelled *holoku* is as ineffectual as a blast from a trumpet-flower.

XVIII.

FROM A STUDIO.

HONOLULU, H. I.

IT is a perfect barn of a house, the only one of the kind in the kingdom, and, being a veritable studio, as the needle to the pole it has faced about upon the north, and stands over against the chief avenue in the very ecstasy of triangulation. Even the door of it is not visible to the naked eye; the weather-stained structure, seasoned in sunshine and shower, looks a little like a trap to catch customers, and, sure enough, that is just what it is designed for—in common with studios the world over.

Approaching the studio you cross a strip of lawn, where the ducks waddle in solemn procession, and where cattle browse or look dreamily at you, divided between silent meditation and the grinding of the convenient

cud; and then you slip in behind a lattice and tap at a pair of green blinds.

The interior is of a smoked meerschaum tint; the paint there has been devoted exclusively to canvases; but there are lots of these, in all stages of composition and decomposition, as the case may be; and a plentiful sprinkling of crayon studies and arrangements in black and white. There are bits of faded drapery of the tone which time alone imparts; and stiff, barbarously decorated bark-cloths from the south seas; canoe models, camp-stools, easels, and divan; portfolios gaping full of pencil-notes and impressions; a jumble of the odds and ends which art utilizes and idealizes—and a guitar.

Many a day have we lounged there in the off hours, most of us more or less known to you; many an evening camped under the airy roof-tree and told stories in the twilight, while the great north window with its numberless panes of glass looked like a square acre in heaven's blue diamond fields. Then music awoke, and with the lamp-light came cards or off-hand sketches, and caricatures, jolly *souvenirs* of the occasion. But it is not

this phase of art-life in Oahu that I choose to write of this murky post-meridian.

I want to know and I want you to tell me, if you can, why we cluster in one corner of that studio, lie back in the easy chairs, and look wistfully through the smoke-rings that float like haloes above our heads, while we talk of Munich, or of Monterey, or of Barbizon?

Is it because the beery young *Bauer*, with the tow-head and pomegranate cheeks, whose portrait hangs there on the wall, reminds us of student life in the old Bavarian ex-monastical academy? Is it because the strip of beach, with the gray gulls soaring among the cypresses, recalls the dead and alive era of California's now resurrected ancient and original capital? Or because the lonely winding path in the very dark wood, with the very blue and white sky breaking through it, transports us in the twinkling of an eye to the forests of Fontainebleau? Or is it merely the perversity of man, who is never quite satisfied, and would no doubt be utterly miserable if all his ends could be easily accomplished?

I know that were we to shut up shop on the avenue, and revisit the glimpses of the moon in any one of the three art centers above referred to, a single glance at the studies we would surely take with us—at this palm-tree in *aquarelle*, for instance; or that reef with the green wave arching over it; or yonder sunset valley, filled with ferns and waterfalls—would awaken a thousand longings and regrets; then, one mess of tropical pottage would be more to our taste than all the birth-rights in the universe—and this is the taste of man from Adam's natal-day to kingdom come.

Never you mind, dear boy, we have had studio junketings the very memory of which rolls as a sweet morsel under the tongue. We have lived, my boy, we have lived! The landscape and the seascape have been our meat and our drink, when we hungered and were athirst for exactly that sort of nourishment; and if it is our destiny to be eventually numbered among the blessed company of the impoverished, we can at least perish in the cause of art and for the love of it, and with the hope of receiving the approbation of the

immortals who were martyred in like manner before us, and who are now dwellers in the highest heaven! . . .

XIX.

FETES AND FURIES.

HONOLULU, H. I.

YOU ask if the Hawaiian Fete is as popular, populous, and peculiar as it was in early days, when you rounded the Horn before the mast, and came ashore—for your health.

No! a thousand times, No! Occasionally majesty entertains a roving prince in his summer house at Waikiki. It is an affair in which the brass band, brass buttons, champagne, and *poi* become more or less confused by eventide.

Sometimes the flower of Hawaii, a flower that has been grafted almost beyond a recognition, takes to the saddle, and to the woods that shelter the enchanting vales on our side of the island. There one finds song and dance and a *poi*-feed; and when the festive company returns to town, swathed in garlands

of wild-flowers, and troops gayly from house to house, the sight is captivating. Even you, with your everlasting reminiscences, would prick up an ear and twinkle an eye, and catch a short breath or two, my fine fellow.

As for the regulation *hop*, it is much the same as elsewhere, with, however, superior pictorial and climatic effects. Imagine yourself whirling your partner in the languid waltz within ten paces of the moonlit sea. It is not too warm under the broad-roofed *lanai*, three sides of which—I mean three walls of the room—have been thrown open to the gentle zephyr. It is not too cool upon the hard, white shore, which is the promenade; and the surf yonder makes music that harmonizes and tranquilizes, and almost mesmerizes the listener the whole night long.

The National Fetes are, for the most part, National fizzles; there is nothing Hawaiian about them; and probably we shall never again know the brave, semi-barbarous, sensuously seductive feasts that were the pride of this nation in its prime. Of course there are fetes of which the public sees nothing without climbing over a fence or spying

through a knot-hole, and hears nothing beyond the boom of the calabash and the gurgle of passionate gutturals; but these are private and confidential, and do not concern us personally.

It is my belief that the fetes have been worried to death by the furies. Of the two I infinitely prefer the fetes! It was the incomparable Charles Lamb who wrote of "that fiercest and savagest of all wild creatures, the Tongue." Tongue keeps longer in this climate than anything else in it! There is nothing in the whole Hawaiian market livelier than Tongue! There are good people here who keep watch and ward over the unruly member; who turn a deaf ear to the voices that are in the air—and the air is full of them—but it has been frequently observed that a tendency to gossip is peculiar to the climate; this and the pestiferous south wind are its only objectionable features.

I have heard of one person in this kingdom, who, without a rag of reputation himself, will, on the slightest provocation, strip the fig-leaf of modesty from the most chaste in the land. From the highest to the lowest, not a maid,

wife, or widow, but he has brutally defamed; missing links in the damning chain of evidence he miraculously discovers and supplies; there are none to dispute him, because it is easier to lie than to disprove a lie. It is apparently his mission on earth to befoul the fairest, and with forked tongue spit at the children of light. It is the breath of these nameless scandal-breeders and scandal-mongers, that, like a malaria, poisons the social atmosphere; but, I may add, the defamer is comparatively powerless in the field where he most flourishes; the dilapidated character still does duty after a fashion—I have never known one to be placed upon the retired list; thank heaven, we can forgive, even though we do not forget. The sting is not so serious when one gets used to it, and there is always the antidote—indifference.

Perhaps we should be all more or less excusable in our misconceptions, for who can tell how radiant a soul may be, shut as it is in the dark lantern of this too, too solid flesh? You are secure: the arrows fall short where the object aimed at dwells apart, like a star, immeasurably remote—as you do. As for

myself, by heaven, if an arrow flies this way,
I receive it with the unction of a St. Sebas-
tian!

XX.

SIESTA.

STAG-RACKET BUNGALOW, HONOLULU, H. I.

IF you are coming over the sea to the Bungalow, as you promised me you would, come early in the day, or defer your advent till about dinner time, say 5:30 P. M. by your stem-winder, for only at such times shall I be in readiness to give you welcome.

I'll tell you why I make this suggestion: It is written: "He giveth his beloved sleep," but the hours are not numbered. I usually take mine from 2 to 4 P. M. Everything flows on finely until 2 o'clock, and then the tide turns or begins to turn, and I'm pretty certain to back water. Three o'clock is the forlorn hour; it doesn't seem to belong to anybody in particular; it is apparently thrown in merely to round out the four-and-twenty; but it must be got through with somehow. I sleep through it, and awake refreshed, ready

to greet the returning Bungalow Boys, and afterward to dine heartily, and to pass an evening in the full enjoyment of my faculties.

Lo! the poor business man, who gives himself to mercantile pursuits with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength; who spends his life in riotous money-making; who *sits up all day*, and worries all night; who waxes wealthy; but the rich man and the camel are named in the same breath in scripture, and the camel has rather the better of Cræsus—riches enter not into the kingdom of heaven; he has lived in vain! The fact is, one needs a double portion of sleep nowadays in order to counteract the baleful influences of this modern civilization—a civilization that is constantly inventing new diseases.

The Bungalow Boys are workers, but then they are still boys, and it is to be hoped that they will outgrow this vicious habit.

I also work, but never before any one, and only for the fun of it. By 8 A. M. I am left stark alone in the Bungalow; its chambers are open and empty, and throughout them the wind bloweth where it listeth; but my writing table is in a sheltered corner, and

when I have burned out my after-breakfast cigarette, I tip up the hour-glass, dip pen, and begin.

At intervals the Irish terriers hunt the stray coolie in the back lot; at intervals the parrot stops crying like a baby or screaming like a fish-wife, and nods in her creaking swing; at intervals the black cat appears in the doorway and stops there for a moment, lifting first one foot and then the other, as if the floor were too hot for her; she would mew if she could, and she *does* open her mouth as if she were yawning, but that interior is as silent as a red morocco-lined portmoanie with nothing in it but two white teeth; she is bob-tailed and dumb, and she disappears suddenly, discharging herself through the passage as if she had been shot from a spring-trap.

Akama, the domestic, passes noiselessly through the chambers at intervals with heavy lids falling over small, dim eyes: he seems as if reluctantly waking from an opium dream; he is a somnambulist, a lotus eater, an indulgent and indulged retainer, without whom bungalow life were a blank.

At intervals—very rare intervals—I look

out of the window and see a Kanaka among the thistles in the meadow above, toiling like a new Adam after a recent fall—but he toils only at intervals.

When the crystal balloons of the hour-glass have shifted their sand-ballast I know it is time to take a smoke, for idle as I pretend to be, I am as well-regulated as an eight-day clock; there is method in my madness; I am consistent even in the very tempest and whirlwind of my inconsistency. You know Gail Hamilton says: "Consistency is the bug-bear of small, inactive minds;" it never said "*Boo!*" to me.

Sometimes there is a lapse, during which the clock ticks loudly, but this soothes rather than alarms me; my pen is poised in dream-like paralysis; I take unsubstantial comfort during these periods of suspended animation, and have at such times composed whole libraries in my head, dictating them under the breath to imaginary amanuenses.

Something recalls me to my pleasurable duty; up goes the hour-glass, down goes the pen; so long as the sands trickle the ink trickles with them; in fact, we train together very nicely.

By and by I begin to run slowly; it seems to me that the sands of time are likewise sluggish or damp; copy no longer flows freely; it filters painfully, and its sparkle, if it ever had any, has gone out entirely. Alas for those whose brain must still dribble and sweat under the spatulate thumb of necessity!

I know when it is time to stop; the parrot has smothered herself in feathers; the dogs are in the cool passage, lying flat on their backs with all four legs in the air; the cat and Akama have succumbed. A large blue-bottle fly swoops down upon my table and sits by me, diligently washing his hands in invisible soap and water; at last dominical quietude reigns over all.

I darken the room, spread my mosquito tent, and solemnly don the trailing garments of the night.

One final glance upon the town below there assures me that the curse of Cain is on it. The glare of the sun magnifies it; there is no rest within its borders; at least the business quarters says "It is not in me!" and the blazing and blinding deep says "It is not in me!" but it is always in stock at the Bungalow, and

a little of this leaven leavens my daily loaf.

The wind sighs plaintively through my chamber; I hear the clash of wings as two dragon-flies do battle in mid-air, but anon they depart precipitantly with much delirious bumping of their heads. The pictures begin to fade upon the walls; with half-shut eyes I watch them as their perspective goes mad and stretches to the crack of doom—wherever that may be.

By this time I find myself upon the verge of that downy vale into which we sometimes drop all of a sudden, and always backward, and feel ourselves dropping, but we are asleep before we touch bottom. It happens, perhaps, that the clock strikes at this moment, its strokes commingle, and the vibration is as terrific as though a thunderbolt were to smite a gong a mile in circumference—but I no longer care. Upon the delicious brink of insensibility, I catch on just long enough to assure myself that, notwithstanding the scantiness of the Hawaiian terrestrial area and the superabundance of Hawaiian self-esteem—notwithstanding the corruption in high places, the false prophecies of the local press, the

arrogance of the professional abstainer, the duplicity of the confidant, the blatant impiety, the pietistical hypocrisy, the monopolies, reciprocities, and all the annoying remainder—the Bungalow Boys can retire nightly with the blessed consciousness that there is at least one house in the kingdom which is above suspicion, and that we inhabit it!

XXI.

WITH ALOHA!

REVERED, BELOVED:—"Ask me no more!" While you prate of your autumnal tints, I can show you richer and riper ones at almost any season of the year. You boast of your snows; we have them also on the mountains, and we can get at any time in the twelvemonth a cool, bracing atmosphere on our highlands, such as is not to be found on yours during summer. Nor is our heat so oppressive as yours, and it is *never* fatal; and, moreover, an uninterrupted course of sea-bathing is practicable in this delectable clime. Why should we elsewhere seek literature, society, etc., when they come to us by every vessel, and here we can enjoy them unmolested?

"Ask me no more!" The wind is plucking the blossoms from wonderful trees, such as would not flower in your latitude. Tourists

are lounging in the verandas of the cottages scattered over the hotel grounds; there will presently be a gathering in the big, breezy dining-room down yonder, and after that such mild diversions as are not likely to disturb your neighbor's nap.

There is no wear and tear here, unless it be at a "*poi*-feed;" and even the "*poi*-feed" has its special restorative, the application of which may be classed among the beatitudes.

There are no railway accidents here; no bridge panics, no holocausts, no hoodlums; the slightest event is cheerfully magnified, and made to do duty for the blood-curdling sensations upon which you feed—a diet that is, permit me to observe, hastening you to an untimely grave. All that sort of thing is out of place in this kingdom, and not to be tolerated. It is not that I love life, as you call it, less, but repose more, that I refuse to return into the world yet awhile.

The age is too fresh! It is well to withdraw from the madding crowd at intervals and possess one's soul in patience; therefore, with *aloha* I decline your gracious invitation to join you in the pursuit of happiness at

Coney Island, the Adirondacks, or Yosemite; and with *aloha* I beseech you to repent while it is yet day, and share with us the unrivaled fruits of idleness in a land where it is almost always afternoon; where the wicked cease from troubling, as it were; and where the weary are, for the time being, comparatively at rest! *Aloha and aloha!*

P. S.—As for the idyls of my idyllic youth the shadowy ones, the fair and frail, the beloved, bewailed, bewitching, and bewitched idolaters—zephyrs have sung them to their rest, and upon their nameless graves “the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth his poppy.”

XXII.

HOW THE KING CAME HOME

PRAY tell me, is it better to laugh or to sigh over lost illusions? You know they are never found again. Even good St. Anthony does not care to restore these. Once gone, they are gone forever and a day. Other illusions may lie in wait for us; other disappointments may follow them, and perhaps forgetfulness will come to our relief at last; but the great originals shall never more return. This is the way of the world, and no doubt you all know it well enough—but why do I write in this vein to-day?

I've just been thinking of that poor, dear little Hawaii. I was quite in the mood for hunting up an old book, bearing my name upon the title-page. The book I refer to is known in England as "Summer Cruising in the South Seas." It was published by Chatto, of London, in 1873. It is a reprint of the first

Boston edition of "South Sea Idyls." Chatto said, somewhat scornfully: "That title will never go in this country. People will suspect you of being a poet and your book will remain unopened." Therefore the "Idyls" were rechristened, so that "he that runs may read;" lest, peradventure, under the old title 'he that reads may run.'

Well, I've had sufficient curiosity to reread a preface I furnished a score of years ago at the request of my London publisher,—an impulsive preface, with youth and inexperience written all over the face of it. And since the reading thereof I've been wondering if I yearn for those Southern Seas as ardently as I used to once upon a time, or if this all too ardent preface is but the proof of another lost illusion.

Of course the thing makes me laugh, somewhat sadly; a man has a right to laugh at himself,—his other self, the self of twenty years ago. Who of us can help doing this? But I don't like to laugh alone. Will you join me? Behold what havoc the fever of youth wrought in me! Could anything be more absurdly boyish than this? Could any one be more blindly daring than I when I made reference

to Lord Macaulay's New Zealander in the land of his adoption and, within a stone's throw of the very Bridge with which he is associated? Even twenty years ago he was "a scorn and a hissing," and had quite outlived his usefulness.

Oh ingenuous Infancy! What a multitude of sins you cover, or propitiate! Well, let us glance at the preface and have done with it. Here it is, word for word—barring a typographical error or two. It is offered in a due spirit of humility, and without further apology:

The experiences recorded in this volume are the result of five summer cruises among the islands of the Pacific.

The simple and natural life of the islander beguiles me; I am at home with him; all the rites of savagedom find a responsive echo in my heart. It is as though I recollect something long forgotten; it is like a dream dimly remembered, and at last realized. It must be that the untamed spirit of some aboriginal ancestor quickens my blood.

I have sought to reproduce the atmosphere of a people who are wonderfully imaginative and emotional; they nourish the first symptoms of an affinity, and revel in the freshness

of an affection as brief and blissful as a honeymoon.

With them "love is enough," and it is not necessarily one with the sexual passion: their life is sensuous and picturesque, and is incapable of a true interpretation unless viewed from their own standpoint.

To them our civilization is a cross, the blessed promises of which are scarcely sufficient to compensate for the pain of bearing it; and they are inclined to look upon our backslidings in a spirit of profound forbearance.

Among them no laws are valid save Nature's own, but they abide faithfully by these.

His lordship's threadbare New Zealander sitting upon a crumbling arch of London Bridge, recently restored, and finding too late that he had forestalled his mission, would know my feelings as I offer this plea for his tribe. And any one who instinctively lags in the march of progress, and marks the decay of nature; any one to whom the highly educated grass-hopper is a burden, must see that my case is critical.

Yet in imagination I may, at the shortest notice, return to the sea-girt arena of my adventures, and restore my unregenerated soul.

Limited flagons cannot stay me, neither will small apples comfort me. I have eaten of the Tree of Life; my spirit is full-fledged; and when I take wing, I feel the earth sinking

beneath me; the mountains crumble, the clouds crouch under me, the waters rise and flow out to the horizon; across my breast the sunbeams brush, leaving half their gold behind them; sea upon sea fills up the hollow of the universe. I soar into eternity, blue wastes below me, blue wastes above me; the stars only to mark the upper strata of space.

Day after day I wing my tireless flight, and the past is forgotten in the radiance of the dawning future.

Land at last! A green islet sails within the compass of my vision. Land at last! Crumbs of earth, fragments of paradise, litter the broad ocean like strewn leaves. A myriad reefs and shoals wreath the blue hemisphere; the moan of the surf rises like a grand anthem; the fragrance of tropic bowers ascends like incense. I pause in my giddy flight, and sink into the bosom of the dusk.

Sunset transfigures the earth; the woods are rosy with glowing bars of light; long shadows float upon the waves like weeds; gardens of sea-grass rock forever between daylight and darkness, tinted with changeful lights.

I know the songs of those distant lands; there have I sought and found unbroken rest; again I return to you, my beloved South; and, after many days of storm and shine, I touch upon your glimmering shores, flushed with the renewal of my passionate love for you.

Again I dive beneath your coral caves;
again I thread the sunless depths of your unfading forests; and there, finally, I hope to fold my drooping wings, where the flowers breathe and fountains tinkle within the solitude of your moonlit ivory chambers.

O literary Death, where is thy sting, while this happy hunting ground awaits me?

In the singularly expressive tongue of my barbarian brother,

Aloha aoi! Love to you!

There, little preface, so gushing and so guileless, go back into that dark corner of the top shelf and gather the dust as of yore; really, we have no further use for you. The times have changed since you first saw the light; so new, without you, and in quite another mood, let me revisit that fairy-land of yore; let me recall something of its life and landscape while it is still fresh in my memory.

Ah, yes! This is how the late King came home to his people after having circumnavigated the globe with his retinue. I chanced to be on the same ship with his Majesty during the voyage between San Francisco and Honolulu; and, as we were old acquaintances, we were naturally more or less familiar. The

divinity that hedges in a Hawaiian king is not calculated to blanch the cheek of even the most delicate and impressionable of aliens, and was I not quite at home with these gentlest of savages?

After long years I returned again to the isolated land whose idyllic life infatuated me in my youth. It was nine years since I had last visited these isles. Then I had embarked with an adventurous crew on a voyage of speculation among the reef-bound constellations of the South Pacific. We tripped anchor one day and went out with the tide. San Francisco was drenched in fog. Feeling our way in the gray chaos of mist that choked the Golden Gate, we rolled into the teeth of a gale that had apparently been lying in wait for us. We were a mere morsel for such monstrous greed, but a choice one; and for five and twenty days we quivered between life and death in a black and quaking sea. When we got our reckoning, the first since leaving port, we were away up in the vicinity of Japan. In the twilight of the thirty-third day we set foot on shore at Honolulu, where I forthwith deserted. The voyage was completed

three weeks ago by a bark not a year old, in eight days and seventeen hours; but, on the other hand, our schooner was antiquated, and had been a vagabond all her days.

At this present writing we have accomplished the passage in exactly seven days. The steamer left San Francisco on time—not often the case, as she is bound to await the arrival of the English mail. And as we had King Kalakaua on board, the captain, who was not sparing of fuel, in conjunction with that indulgent individual Old Probabilities, managed to run us into port about thirty-six hours before the several Committees on the Royal Reception were ready to receive his Majesty. This we knew nothing of. Consequently when we sighted the blue peaks of Maui, ran under the lone shadows of Molokai, whither the unhappy lepers are banished for life, and then made for Koko Head and Oahu, beyond which lay our harbor, we clinked glasses with the King, and the congratulations were mutual and profuse.

Nearing port, skirting the palm-fringed shore, we watched the tawny bluffs, where the sea broke bravely and scattered its spray

like snow; the long ribbons of dazzling beach; the small grass huts at intervals, with here and there a tiny white chapel and a pointed spire, looking very much like toys. The littlest possible beasts cantered along the shingle on their way to the Capital to welcome the returning King. They seemed to be hastening mechanically, while pretty clouds shook out brief showers and unfurled bright rainbows, one after another, then passed onward into the vast silence. A sail or two rocked on the sparkling sea, changing the light and shade with every tack. It was very like one of those German pictorial clocks, whose puppets live out their mimic lives long after the dust of the inventor has been scattered.

Meanwhile King Kalakaua was watching the tiny kingdom that had a few hours before risen from the sea, as it were. He knew every rod of it; it was his, although he didn't make it, nor have anything to do with the making of it; but he was born in the image of those who peopled it when the valleys rang with heroic traditions. He had the languid ease, the consoling fatalism, the gladsome super-

stition of his race. It was bred in the bone, and the tours of forty worlds could not have educated him out of it. He showed less of it than the majority of his people, knowing well how to disguise it. He even affected Bohemianism to a degree, and once remarked to Rochefort that he was the only republican in his kingdom; meanwhile having said to me that what the citizens of the United States were most in need of was an emperor, and that the United States must become an empire.

Oh what a King was he! Such a King as one reads of in nursery tales. He was all things to all men, a most companionable person. Possessed of rare refinement, he was as much at ease with a crew of "rollicking rams" as in the throne-room. He had many and varied experiences, and was apparently ready for others. He had "run with the machine" in the Volunteer Fire Department, and risen to the dignity of foreman. Once he edited a paper in his native tongue; it flourished under the mouth-filling title of *Hoku i ka Pakipika*. (Star of the Pacific.) But this was in the halcyon days of adoles-

cence, before he had dreamed of the throne and of circumnavigation. His Queen, with pathetic and patrician pride, refused to utter one word of English, although she was acquainted with the language. She invariably replied in her own tongue, thus often making the services of an interpreter indispensable.

As we approached Oahu, we saw smoke signals ascending; the filmy threads floating upward were caught by passing winds and spirited away, beckoning to one another from the hill-tops; and long before we were abreast of the Capital the populace was at the water-side to give us welcome. A spirited cannonade aroused uncommon enthusiasm. Nothing less could have accomplished that end in that drowsy little world. The yards of the Russian fleet in port were quickly manned. Punch-bowl, an old crater in the rear of the Capital, blazed away in fine style; all the bells in town jangled, and cheer upon cheer rolled out over the placid sea. There were the usual addresses of welcome in English and Hawaiian; and a very creditable procession followed the royal leader, under triumphal arches and canopies of flags, from the Espla-

nade to the palace gate. Words of greeting, chiefly in Hawaiian, were emblazoned on every hand, such as: "Great Love to Kalakau"; "Return, Oh King!" "Hawaii is the Best"; "Oh, the Blessed, the Chosen One!" "We are All the King's Own"; "Rest, Oh King!" etc.

The Chinese, whose mission it is to rush in where angels fear to tread, erected a gaudy calico kiosk, quite as fantastic as anything one could hope to find in a spectacular drama. It bore these significant sentiments: "Welcomed by the Children of the Flowery Land," and "Hawaii and China have joined hands." The most noticeable feature in the decorations was the resurrection of an ancient symbol of savage royalty, called the "Pulaulau,"—a low wooden cross supported by a globe, and having on each arm a flaming beacon. These were planted along the line of the procession at frequent intervals, and were very effective. So also were the illuminations, which, though not general—for enthusiasm does not keep long in this climate,—were in some cases singularly beautiful. The quaint towers of the Catholic Cathedral and the bell tower of the

fire department were thickly studded with colored lamps; and the mosques by the Nile, on the birthnight of the Prophet, are not more picturesque than were these twinkling minarets as they sprang from the illuminated groves beneath them.

The day following the King's arrival was the Sabbath, a day of rest according to law; and we consequently rested *en masse*. Monday, the arrangements for the royal reception having been completed, the *fete* was renewed. The procession, the speech-making, the songs of welcome, the torch-light procession, and the illuminations, were all repeated. Perhaps nowhere else could this have been done without a murmur; but people there have so little to amuse or interest them beyond a change in the weather that they were more than equal to the occasion. After this the royal receptions were in order. The natives visited the King, some of them bearing offerings of gold or silver, and many of them shaking hands with their sovereign in the most democratic fashion. Nor did the festivities cease until that little island world was completely fagged out; and then we all went to bed

and slept like tired children for an indefinite period.

His was a happy and prosperous reign. He was a lover of his people. He respected the Catholic Church, though he was not a member of it. He sent a royal decoration to Father Damien at Molokai, and showed his sympathy and appreciation in more practical and acceptable ways. Upon his death his sister, the deposed Queen, took the throne. It is too evident that her advisers are responsible for her downfall. As for Kalakaua, if he was not popular with all, I can safely assert that those who know him best loved him, and not without good reason.

XXIII.

IN A SUMMER SEA.

THIS is the memory of a New Year's Eve at sea; it feels to me but as yesterday. I seem to be there again, and I must write as if I were. Behold me in the dim distance. We who live in the trade-winds always speak of inter-island travel as going "to the windward" or "to the leeward." I went "to the windward" to spend my Christmas holiday. It was the fairest day of the season when I sailed, with the promise of a superb sunset, and the afterglow which lengthens at intervals the brief twilight of the tropics. I went early to the little propeller *Likelike*, she that makes the long circuit of Hawaii every week; for I liked the gathering tumult the last moments of agitation, the despair of the fellow who is too late—usually a Kanaka in this climate,—and all the while I sit on the rail in undisturbed composure, leisurely taking my

notes. The harbor is as placid as a duck-pond and blue as sapphire; the reef, like a long snow bank ridged with shining silver; yellow sands stretch across the middle distance, dotted with forlorn cocoa palms, and a few low, whitewashed houses, with high, white fences about them. Thither the pest-stricken people are banished; and during the last small-pox plague hundreds were housed there; and scores, chiefly natives, died, and were buried in those shallow, sea-washed sands. Beyond it the blue sky, and sea of a deeper blue; and close at hand a brace of slender natives, almost naked, wading in shallow water in search of food, and calling at intervals in melodious gutturals to a lonely fellow in his canoe, who paddles swiftly from somewhere across the harbor to some other where; but his sole mission seems to be to paddle, as if it were a pleasure and a consolation to do so, and thus complete the picture.

Shoreward, beyond the tangle of spars and rigging, beyond the roofs and the tree tops of the town, I see the rich green valley of Nuuanu, flanked by lesser vales on either hand, like transepts to a wave; and at the far-away

top of the valley such a curtain of mist and rain clouds as hides from mortal eye the Holy of Holies. Fragments of rainbows hang like banners from the high walls of the valley, and over all breathe the sweet, cool winds. Every body and everything seems to be waiting for sunset; yet before that hour we have waved adieu to the laughter-loving folk that line the dock, and are slowly wending our way out of the harbor into the sea.

We follow the reef for some distance. It is gray and hard, like granite. The sea rises and throws itself upon that everlasting wall with the impetuosity of a spoiled child, turning white with foam and fury and bellowing lustily; but all is still within, like a tideless river. The flood sleeps beside the sand. Our sturdy little ship churns diligently, and anon we begin to roll on the long, long swell that is never at rest.

Like a panorama, the coast-line seems to pass before us—the palms that cluster about the seaside cottages at Waikiki; the feathery green of the groves that cover the plains; other valleys lined with moist, dark woods, misty and touched with prismatic lights; and

away to the right the bald, brown, weather-beaten, storm-stained landmark—old Diamond Head,—which always enters largely into the picturesque element that makes Honolulu and its environs altogether lovely.

We are directly under the steep slopes of Diamond Head when the sun goes down. Already the steward, with forethought born of bitter experience, has covered the deck with mattresses. By each one is a pillow, a blanket, and a cup—ah, me! that cup! A few of the unseaworthy passengers betake themselves to bed; for, though the night is calm, the wind still, and the sea quiet—alas! the channels are always tumultuous. We pass into the first one with the twilight and the young moon; we dine heartily to the music of the waves, and the flapping of the canvas shades that have been dropped about the quarter-deck to keep out the night air and the inevitable spurts of rain and spray. By the placard in the cabin I see that ginger-beer, lemonade and soda are obtainable, but nothing more enjoyable in the shape of beverage. I therefore repair to the deck; for the cabin is close, like a catacomb thickly lined

with bunks; and some of these are occupied.

The deck is shut in. It looks like a ward in a camp hospital the night after a battle. The sea buffets our little ship; we dance like a nautilus. The decks forward are laden with lumber—Oregon lumber at that, reshipped from island to island. Spread over the lumber is a tangled mass of living Kanakas. They are quiet, for the most part. They do not mingle, as was their wont, among the foreigners; but are reduced to second-class quarters, unless they pay extra for the first-class. They do not sing and chatter as they used to, making sport of the night and the tumbling sea and the discomfiture. They awaken, strike a light in the wind with the cleverness of a sailor who knows the art, take two or three whiffs of the rankest weed imaginable in a pipe which was foul from its birth, pass it from lip to lip in peace and silence; and when it has burned out, one of the participants opens his mouth, uttering volumes of smoke and wisdom. The others respond in voices, each of which issues from its separate cloud; and the place is murky for the space of five minutes.

Thus we pass Molokai, and doze a little under its friendly shelter; but are roused again when we tumble into the second channel —it is even worse than the first, where the merry cups ring blithely, and the sleepers awaken with deep-mouthed complaints.

Lahaina! Slumbering by the leeward waters, under the shelter of sublime hills, Lahaina lay in wait for us. We had crossed the channel, and there was again smooth sailing. The moon, which was still young, had set; but there were lights along shore, appearing and disappearing like fire-flies; there was the muffled murmur of surf rolling in upon resounding sands. The night was cool—they nearly always are, those soft and melancholy nights of Lahaina, fanned by the mountain breeze.

We swung at anchor. Voices came over the sea to us, and the sound of oars falling into the rowlocks, and then the regular plash, plash, plash, as the boats drew near,—shadowy boats with lanterns hidden away in them so that one saw only the outline of everything in silhouette—the hollow of the boat and the faces of the boatmen illuminated by a warm

glow that is enchanting. Twinkling lights still sparkled among the trees; others appeared in the distance, moving slowly like creeping things, or rather floating hither and yon, like Will-o'-the-wisp; and yet I know that if all Lahaina were to waken out of its unutterably deep sleep, it would probably open a drowsy eye for a moment, peer from the thatched doorway upon the sea, where the intruder rides at anchor, and return again to its dream of everlasting peace. Before we had ploughed a mile farther through the unruffled sea, the last light was snuffed out in Lahaina, and there was nothing left to tell the tale but a memory and a regret.

Maalaea, an invention of the devil, a necessary evil, and perhaps the least of two of them; for if one bound for Waihae lands on this side of the island, he may, indeed, enter the paradise of Lahaina; but after that follow the ascent and descent of a mountain trail more bleak, windy and treacherous than any I wot of elsewhere in this much traveled globe. So it is Maalaea that I come to in the small hours of the morning. We anchor pretty well out from shore; and the wind that

always blows there, charges down upon us, freighted with sand and spray.

What a toilsome and tantalizing pull to shore in a boat that ships more than its quantity of water! We are all weary, and few of us but show it. A small wharf juts out from the shore. A lantern swings there, and we hear the chatter of the half-awakened natives, who with passionless patience are awaiting our arrival. The clatter and the chattering increase. The drivers of half a dozen expresses and a like number of sharp bargains parcel us off in lots to suit; and, with our luggage under the seat, we dash up a hillock into the wind and the starlight, and begin a ten-mile drive to breakfast.

The sand stings our faces; the wind, which blows steady and strong, hisses in the short grass. It is so dark, though the stars are as large and brilliant as those of a wintry night, that I can not see the road as it leads over the plain; but these Kanakas have owls' eyes, and can see in the blackness of darkness. They whip up the sorriest nags that ever balked in harness, and plunge past one another, while we careen on the ticklish edge of inclines that threaten to send us we know not whither.

The dawn comes; we have passed a sugar-mill, a few native huts, wherein the occupants are stirring. Some of them watch us from the open doors; a fire, kindling feebly, betokens the preparation of the morning meal. We are on the isthmus that connects the heights of East and West Maui. Haleakala, like a huge dome, covers the major portion of the island. Its vastness and the great sweep of its unbroken outline delude the eye. One would never dream that it is a dozen miles to the base of it, and that the summit of it is 10,000 feet above the sea.

Wailuku is tinged with sunshine when we clatter through its one long, winding street, out of which lesser ones speedily find their way into canefields or grass lands. My one fellow-passengers, a Wahina, a native girl, came from the steamer in a traveling dress of sombre tint, bearing in her hands a calabash containing the remainder of her wardrobe. She has since completed her toilet, and is now ready to descend at Waihee, three miles beyond Wailuku, appareled in the latest Hawaiian style.

Waihee—a cluster of comely houses, and a

white-walled mill, with a tall chimney like an Irish round tower in a fresh coat of paint; the breeze relentlessly blowing, laden with sweet odor from the boiling-house, and the fragrance of drying trash. The village is like country cross-roads, with a bright red two-storied wooden building in the crotch. It is the plantation store, and the most picturesque structure in the settlement. The local atmosphere of Waihee is very fresh and youthful; a kind of Saturday-afternoon-out-of-door feeling pervades it. Truly one sees afar off, by a distant point of the island, another settlement, and he knows that over the hill lies Wailuku. But Waihee sleeps, for it is always half asleep on a windward slope; and beyond it is nothing but shorn hillocks and the tumbling sea, and the wide stretch of blue, blue sky, across which the trade-wind clouds follow one another in interminable procession.

The days are much alike, save Sunday, and *it* is unlike anything else. No one knows what to do with himself; the silence and the sense of emptiness are overpowering; there is nothing but the long-drawn wind, the boom of the surf on a shore that has a bleak and untrop-

ical aspect, and showers of rain that come down on the sea like shadows long before the sudden chill in the air announces their approach in Waihee. Sunday is like a gap in the week, like a day chopped out of the calendar, leaving an utter blank; and this blank is called the "Sabbath."

From the upper chambers of the red house on the corner small windows open upon the four quarters of the globe. You have romantic mountains, richly decked, where the momentary waterfalls are countless after every shower. You have the dark line of the road, winding through juicy, green canefields,—fields that are sometimes tasselled with plume-like blossoms as delicate in texture as puffs of smoke. You have a long sweep of bare, brown hills, touched here and there with green; a league of frothing sea, a glimpse of bright red sand—real desert sand it is,—licked up and whisked away by the same winds that blow so bravely; and over and beyond all the dome of Haleakala, that takes in turn all the colors of the rainbow, and, like the chameleon, changes every hour in the day; and then you have the sea itself, lonely and

lovely, changeful also, with its moods of rain and shine, and sometimes with a passing sail dotting it like a snowflake, and vanishing like one when the tiny toy has tacked, throwing its sails into shadow.

What a boon when one has little else to do but to pore over his books, pass the time of day with some wayfarer, and speculate on the changes in the weather! Of course there are visitations, red-letter days, when the guests arrive like pilgrims, and the feast is merry and long; yet Waihee, seeking to shelter itself among the hillocks by the shores, a law unto itself; and sugar in the cane and sap in the boiler, potent saccharine odors in the air, yoked oxen swinging to and from the fields, the laughter of light-hearted laborers, the crack of two fathoms of whip-cord, the chorus at night, the babble of gossip in the doorways, the arrival and distribution of the weekly inter-island and monthly foreign mail, the wind and the rain and the dry spells, are the sum total of its uneventful life.

Let us return. Backward over the isthmus to Maalaea Bay, hastening—if it can be called hastening when the horses balk as usual—to

board the *Likeline* on her downward trip. She was due at four P. M., or at any subsequent hour that suited her convenience. By half-past three we had come to a halt on the very edge of the sea, the wind blowing great guns, the sand flying, small pebbles pattering upon the roof of a small house that affords the only shelter.

A queer house it is. A little room is approached through a very little, enclosed veranda, lumbered with saddles and the stores of the house in barrels and sacks. From the little room open lesser ones—closets for the accommodation of the modest and retiring, who do not care to mingle with the whites, rich and poor, Kanakas, coolies and Portuguese. The house is barely furnished. On the walls hang lithographs of Garfield and several life-insurance companies, and a wordy placard proclaiming the inestimable qualities of a stallion of noble worth. Cups, canisters and bottles are lodged among the whitewashed beams. One sits on a campstool, a bench or a barrel, and contemplates a table which is laid to order with all the delicacies of Maalaea. The company increases.

A fair girl, amply shirred and wearing water waves, confined under a thick veil, takes notes upon her knee in one of the closets. The master of the house reclines upon his stomach in the corner, and gives his orders with an arrogant air, born of long lordship among the primitive natives. We watched the distant healdand and yearned for rescue.

The hours lag; we famish, eat in turn from the table laid at intervals; a thousand rumors of smoke, visible and again invisible, raise our hopes, only to dash them a little later on. From half-past three o'clock till after nine P. M. we tarry in durance vile; the wind falls, the pebbles rest, and the sand no longer ceases to pepper us, sifting through the warped shingles of the hospice. At last relief arrives: the belated boat struggles up against a head-wind and comes to anchor. We board the steamer, drifting far to leeward, and pulling slowly up under the shelter of her hull. We make our beds in peace, and lie there while she creeps slowly down to Lahaina.

We are five hours late—it is midnight, moonlight, quiet as a grave. Weary with long watching, Lahaina is actually asleep this

time; but we waken her with a shrill whistle that sets the wild echoes flying all over that side of the still island. The lights blossom among the trees; the boats are evolved out of the delicious uncertainty that pervades the sweet tropical night; all the palms glimmer in the radiance that bathes the shore. They are motionless, but a silvery haze floats among their pendant boughs. We trip anchor and head for the vague heights of Molokai.

The channel, though windless, is turgid: it was blowing a gale there in the afternoon; our boat bobs like a cork in the vicious chop sea. It is with difficulty that we cling to the deck; at intervals we are thrown on our beam ends, and then there is an upward tendency in all things, which brings a lady in a neighboring bed to grief. I hook my arm about a post and resign myself to sleep. The air has the balm of April and the fragrance of May. We are not far enough from shore to lose its wholesome aroma. We pitch and lurch furiously. I slide up and down the post, descending always in the same spot with neatness and dispatch. The dawn comes, and the sunrise and the increasing splendor of the

day. My eyes are only half open to these gorgeous facts. I hear the surf seething, and the sound of bells mingling with the hiss and the roar. We are at the mouth of the harbor. Honolulu is radiant, resplendent from the very latest shower. It is Sunday, the first day of the week; Sunday, the first day of the year; and last night, with its mingled emotions, its famine and feast, rest and unrest, beauty and desolation, riot, rapture and repose,—last night was my New Year's Eve at sea.

XXIV.

A VILLAGE AND A HALF.

WHEN a village is as small as a village dares to be, and yet within three miles of it there is a settlement still smaller, may I not refer to them jointly as a village and a half? The inhabitants of neither would approve of it; but these are studies of life on an island in the Hawaiian Archipelago, and for truth's sake I must not spare the feelings of the good people who dwell there, and want to pride themselves on that fact.

She is very prim and very pretty, this rustic hamlet, when seen from the deck of the *Kilauea Hou*, off Kahului, fresh from her shower-bath of recent rain, and shining in the morning light. She is very pretty, indeed; but with a touch of New England primness that scarcely harmonizes with the half-savage beauty of the mountain and the gorges that have brought her many a transient guest.

It may be said of Wailuku—and this is between you and me and the post—that the early bird, hastening inland from Maalaea, the God-forsaken, at some unearthly hour, finds not so much nor so little as a worm to break his fast withal; and that, though he were sworn, he could not for the life of him tell just at what moment the cacti cease from troubling, and the settlement begins.

There is a street that starts off well enough, with a hall of justice on the one hand, and a church with a veritable spiked spire on the other; yet no sooner has one taken heart at discovering a lodging-house and an art gallery, than one plunges headlong into rival Chinese restaurants.

Turn to your left, and you find the umbrageous shade of gardens, and see the steep roofs of a quaint building or two that antedate the age of modern conveniences. They came around the Horn, no doubt—wee windows, rose-embowered "stoop," and seven or more gables, just as they are shipped from a land where witches were burned in other days for looking and acting less queer than these habitantinos dare to look and act to-day.

On your right there is a postoffice—and a brand-new one, too; and then, for a few paces, there are shops on both sides of the street—Main Street if you please; but after that the buildings range themselves in single file upon one side of the way, and stare blandly at the leagues of waving cane that stretch out toward the sand-hills which form a near horizon. There are modest homesteads, with a small English chapel in their midst, a watch-mender and a smithy lower down, and at the foot of the gentle incline there is something in the air that tells you you are approaching the busy mart. The next instant you turn the corner, and lo! the Forum on market-day! If you had followed Main Street but a step farther, you would have lost sight of the town; for it would have been all at your back.

The Forum of Wailuku—a brown street embedded in reddish-brown dust, flanked by two rows of small buildings with an original angle to every roof; shops, billiard-rooms, coffee-houses, stand shoulder to shoulder, while a brilliant barber-pole enlivens the vista; troops of men and beasts flock in the mid-

dle distance. Flower, fruit and fish stalls on one side of the street are offset by a score of itinerant venders of similar wares, squatted upon the grassy slope over the way.

The lamented Laureate might trace his "murmur of innumerable bees" to the Forum of Wailuku on market-day, albeit the busy ones are only busy idling, and are evidently wingless; full half their day is spent in inhaling odors and exchanging gossip for gossip with all the mouths within ear-shot.

Would you have a handful of green and juiceless peaches about the size of almonds, or a netful of guavas cool from some mountain vale, or mangoes fat and overripe, the last of the lot? They are yours, and half the Forum will turn to bear witness that the same are cheap and desirable.

There are melons yonder, and a broken dozen of eggs; here are fish, a fowl or two, together with a single claw of bananas, and as many oranges as a well man could squeeze dry before breakfast,—all held at a tolerably high figure; but, then, there are so many willing hands to pass them out for inspection, and such a wealth of smiles thrown in, that

the bargain is irresistible. Waver even for a moment, and you may go your way with the coin of the kingdom. It is all the same to these merry merchants.

If the love of money is the root of all evil, then the root has not entered the Hawaiian heart; and I, for one, notwithstanding some inconveniences, am glad of it.

And the lions of Wailuku—where are they, I wonder? There in the Catholic mission, in the lower angle of the town, with its picturesque chapel—no one knows how picturesque till he has looked within it on a feast-day; and there is the thriving school of the Brothers of Mary, and the hospital of the serene Sisters; and lower down is the railway station and the Kahului turnpike. Under the hill that shelters the Mission are the tombs of the departed; and yonder is that living sepulchre, the sea. Where, indeed, are the lions of Wailuku?

There is Main Street, that extricates itself from a cornfield to run up hill and take a lover's leap into the mouth of the famous Iao Valley; and High Street, that begins bravely, but gets discouraged in a single square; and

Market Street, which is the Forum, but even this dips suddenly into the drawling Luku—or would but for the long bridge over which it is a crime punishable by law to pass faster than a walk.

As for the other streets, whose names I have never heard breathed above a whisper, it is like cutting across lots to go through them; in fact, it may also be said of Wailuku that she is minus her suburbs, and that one has only to climb over a fence to get into space. Perhaps it is providential that it is so.

They were sitting on the veranda when I passed up the street the other day—some of the representatives of the town, male and female; they were still sitting there when I returned hours afterward; they will be sitting there when next I awaken the echoes of Wailuku with the sound of an unfamiliar footfall.

It is a gentle life they lead. The even tenor of their way is broken only at respectable intervals—as, for instance, when the *Kilauea Hou* comes to port, or as, in the course of time, the primitive train rolls into the primitive Wailuku station. Then there is a charge of comparatively empty expresses through the

drowsy village streets. This is but the distraction of the moment; anon you shall see how these same expresses, that seem to have been suddenly materialized out of nothing, shall resolve again into nothingness, to be seen no more for days together.

That Wailuku has at some former period so far forgotten her reserve as to plunge into a round of worldly gayety is evident to the naked eye; for the faded trophies of the circus still cling to the edges of the town. The astonished wayfarer may mark how the trick ponies drive one another in chariots of fire through billows of red ochre; while athletes, like angels heedless of the law of gravitation and who seem native of another planet where masculine physique is faultless, disport 'twixt heaven and earth, and cover themselves with glory—and spangles. So dwells in the memory of Wailuku the one indiscretion of the authorities, kept green by its damning evidence of posters that survive the war of elements, and the scent of the sawdust that hangs round it still.

Must I add that Wailuku has lost her one celebrity? He was master of a large school

at Cahors, in the south of France, during the Revolution of '48. The air was freighted with rumors, and rebellion threatened very hour. One day a stalwart pupil of about eleven years rushed into the play-ground, waving the red flag, and shouting at the top of his lungs the "Marseillaise." The whole school was at once in arms. It seemed that the revolutionists were about to carry everything by storm; but the master, seizing the young Republican by the shoulders, boxed his ears soundly, and sent him home to his father. The insurrection was crushed in that locality, and you doubtless know the rest of the history by heart; but perhaps you do not know that the master who restored order in that juvenile rebellion was Father Leanore, formerly of Wailuku, and now at the Cathedral in Honolulu. The lad was Leon Gambetta, late President of the French Republic.

Down the dusty road that winds between the sand-hills; over the low bridge that resounds like a drum as the hoofs of the flying horses crash across it; in the edge of the far-spreading cornfields, between the mountains and the sea, is the fragmentary settlement I call half a village.

Let not the dwellers in Squidwater revile me if I refer to them with seeming levity. In the wide world there is not one who loves them more truly than I. You should have seen me last twilight, Oh my friends! as I paused alone upon the lights above Squidwater, and marked how its stars shone like glow-worms among the taro patches far below one, while the fragmentary village burned its hundred tapers at my feet. There was no sound, save the voice of many waters,—waters small and great, that streamed and cascaded and rivuleted out of the green gorges above me, fertilizing this secluded vale, and giving it a character quite single to it.

No one would suspect from a glance at the cross-roads, the mill, the Maison Rouge—from which I write you,—at the smithy, or even the manor-house, that Squidwater could boast more than a good haul of squid; but I have seen, from the lights above us, how the grass-house has not yet gone to seed in the suburbs, and that the four winds of heaven rend the banana leaves which screen many an exclusive home circle hereabout, and shake down the plump *papaia* upon the domestic hearth,

whose fires light the dim edges of the wilderness beyond us.

We are not always so silent at Squidwater. There are times when the mill puffs and blows from dawn till dark and after; when the groaning carts come heavy-laden from the fields; when the heart of the bullock-driver is lifted up, and a racket is heard in the land; when, indeed, there is but one sound that is unknown of Squidwater—to wit, the voice of the sluggard.

O busy island-world! How glad I am that the tail end of the season has come, that the telephone is down, and that we know nothing of the doings of states, kingdoms, principalities and powers, beyond our private horizon—a rim of tawny hills, walling us in like a shallow bowl!

For the time being Squidwater is an Arcadia, of which Virgil might have sung, and where Horace might have found repose, had it only been within their reach. Multitudinous carts are stranded in a hollow square, each tipped at an angle of forty-five degrees; the trash-grounds so lately of a flaxen hue have grown a dusty brown. We are a community

of husbandmen, going afield at daybreak, tilling the soil, sowing seed, nursing the ratoons, pruning the vigorous young cane, and looking forward to the day when these golden-green acres shall nod again with plume-like puffs of smoke. When that day comes, it will be time to think once more of the mechanical industries or of scoring up the profits of the year.

The other day, when I had been lounging for hours in a wee balcony, about the size of an opera box—it is the specialty of the Mason Rouge, and my delight,—looking off upon the mountains and the sea, it occurred to me that I had not yet paid my respects to the vacuum pan or the jolly boy who keeps his finger upon the feverish pulse of that one-eyed monster. So down I went to the mill, and climbed into the gallery, where the atmosphere is seven times heated, and the surroundings positively infernal.

While hugging the vacuum, and feeling quite cool by comparison, I thought of the ingenuity of Dante, who pictures a cold corner in hades, where the sinful freeze forever in seas of imperishable ice; and I imagined

one of these lost ones, whose words drop like hail upon the glacier under his chin, imploring one balmy gust from the heart of a boiling-house—like ours, for instance. At that moment there arose a din from the bullock-drivers; it was caught up on the trash-grounds and echoed throughout the mill; and upon the top of it all some one set the steam-whistle ablowing, and it blew a long, loud blast that filled all the valleys on our side of Maui to overflowing. I thought it would never cease; and it didn't until a sharp order from headquarters put a stop to it. Then I learned that the very last load of cane had come in from the fields, and its arrival was the occasion of the tumultuous rejoicing.

The boyish *abandon* of the moment was contagious; we all laughed like children and skipped for joy, without exactly knowing why. The work is not over by any means. In the sweat of our brows we still eat bread; the cattle tread the dark furrows on the hillside; the hoe swings merrily in the sunshine, and at nights we see the furious forked tongues of flame licking the dust in the stubble.

It is true I have not much to do with all

this, save to observe it and retain an impression. I, too, am simmering down like the coolers in the mill yonder, and sugaring as it were, and perhaps getting three grades of experience. For the flow of meditation is uninterrupted at Squidwater; and, then, there are books galore; and last, but not least, there is the lust of the eye satiated with the beauty of the earth and with the splendor of the sea.

There are times when the tumultuous clouds heaped upon Haleakala make for themselves a twilight at mid-day; times when the rainbows are shattered against it, and there are splashes of sunlight upon its awful slopes. And there are times when it seems to rise in majesty and tower into the seventh heaven of the afterglow.

Across the sea sweep the curtains of the rain, and the waves cry out to us and cushion the beach with foam. This is for the eye only, to delight and satisfy it; and it is well for us that it is. So far we are a quiet people at Squidwater; and within the precincts of the Maison Rouge we are perpetually at peace. The albuminous, long-fingered squid are not

more so, nor the lake sleeping among the sand and rushes at the top of the village street.

With the evening comes complete repose; no sound now save the unceasing sibilation of the mountain streams. The coolies emerge from their quarters and bathe by the brook-side in a state of absolute Chinese—and then disappear in the gloaming.

Nothing is visible thereafter save that Jack-o'-lantern, the night watchman, who, like a reversed Diogenes, seeks vainly for the improbable—a dishonest man. At last, when the late moon blooms in a vague cloud, like a passion-flower, I fold my hands in silence, and deep sleep descends upon the Maison Rouge at Squidwater.

XXV.

IN AND OUT OF EDEN.

WERE it possible to observe the three unities, I should send you these lines scratched with a thorn upon a fólio of plantain leaves. As it is, I have but to jab my pen into the fleshy stalk of this highly decorative vegetable, inscribe a couplet on the hem of my handkerchief, dip it into the fountain at my feet, and the lines at once become indelible, like the memory of this peerless vale.

You see how impossible it is for me to write of Iao without gushing; therefore, dearly beloved, let us gush!

Iao is a profound mystery. One must get into the heart of her and lodge there for a time before she begins to reveal her manifold beauties. She has a thousand moods, and these might easily exhaust a whole volume of new adjectives, were such a treasure to be discovered now. She is as coy as a virgin, as

inconsistent as a coquette; she smiles and weeps in the same breath, and threatens you with the bolts of Jove, while she lures you with a breath as fragrant as the first lisp of love.

Alas! how many silken leaves of the banana might one cover with such rhapsodies as these, and, as yet, have revealed nothing of the charms of Iao!

A vale of mystery is she, in no way to be compared with any other in the Kingdom, yet worthy to be named with the most famous on the earth. Waipio and Waimanu dazzle as you pass them upon the sea. Halawa, on Molokai, and the girdle of valleys that beautify remote Hana, at the foot of Haleakala, are all charming. Like voiceless sirens, they waylay the mariner; and, for aught I know, are as dangerous as were the tormentors of Ulysses. But it remains for Iao to veil herself in vapors, put on her crown of cloud, withdraw into the fastnesses of the mountains, and there await her votaries.

From the upper edge of Wailuku one looks into the mouth of this valley, a wild gorge that soon retires into the mists and vapors.

The very clouds seem to reflect the prevailing tints—green flecked with gold, and gold tempered with green,—a soft, changeful light born of sunshine and verdure.

There is a little settlement in the very throat of the valley—a few primitive cots with *kalo*-patches on one side of them, and a screen of vigorous banana trees on the other. Cattle feed in knee-deep grass; goats perch upon the low stone-walls, and sniff at the tender sprouts just out of reach. Natives lie in the shade and wait for the harvest, which is already ripening. Down through the midst of this peaceful picture bursts a foaming torrent; and, following up the margin of the flood, crossing and recrossing it again and yet again, we enter into the heart of Iao.

Now, blessed be the damp and sedgy trail, and the broad, deep fords, with rolling stones in the bed of them! Blessed be the very gate that stops our way just as our blood begins to leap and our eyes to glow with glimpses of that inner world,—a world untenanted, save by the noiseless winged creatures that float over it like airy sentinels! And blessed be the silent man who came out of the wood

and let us into the depths thereof with a key! He must have been dumb, and his key likewise; for it turned noiselessly in the lock. Even the chain that fell upon the gate, as it swung open, clanked softly, and the keeper turned to follow us with his quiet eye. It was thus we entered the sanctuary of Iao; and, speechless, passed under the boughs in single file, and were locked in with the mysteries not yet revealed.

Was the valley of Rasselas like this, I wonder? Only at one point does the eye run down the narrowing seaward gorge, to spy out the world, and find it pleasing. For the most part if one can for the moment turn away from the compelling majesty of Iao to look back upon the plains and the sand and the sea yonder, they seem mean by comparison; but with a single leap here is paradise regained. Height, depth, breadth, eternal summer, living light, shadows profound, and an atmosphere that breathes terrestrial joy, —all, all are here.

Yonder leap the streams from heaven to earth, some like momentary, foamy comets shot in the wake of a passing shower; others

slipping like pearls through the green meshes of the fern; some again throbbing like veins charged with quick-silver; "and some like a downward smoke, slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn"; but all silent and far away.

Only the gurgle of the stream in the bed of the valley is echoed here, or the sudden flutter of wings in the boughs above us; or, perhaps, the deep sigh of the wind in some remote depth, as if our approach had disturbed the slumber that possesses Iao.

There are pyramids of fern trees, that tower from the earth to the clouds. There are perpendicular walls, across the face of which the birds fly without pausing, and where I doubt if they can find rest for their muffled feet. There are sharp shafts of rocks that cleave the clouds like javelins; and, between them, abysmal shadows in which the snow-white birds fade like falling stars.

There is a table-land in the midst of this incomparable amphitheatre, from which the whole valley is seen at its best. Here take your last look. Every hour is a new revelation. The bosom of the vale is oppressed with the shades of night, but the peaks that

surround her are as brilliant as if cloaked with the golden-tinted, feather robes of royalty. There is a storm raging yonder, but we are lapped in calm. Currents of air drive scurrying clouds through dim, aerial passes. They troop like the sorrowful brotherhood of the Misericordia—ghosts, every one of them, come to bury the ghosts that haunt this valley, and will not be laid for evermore.

Through the gorge yonder I see a panel picture,—a picture slender and tall; a strip of rich green canefield; a strip of yellow beach; the exquisite silver sickle of the sea; one slope of the distant headland, and then bright blue sky to the very zenith. That is quite another world than this, Oh dreamer!—one that is laid wide open to the horizon. Through it the winds rove. It is burning and bleaching in the sun. But among these hanging gardens the league-long creepers pour cata-racts of blossoms from the cliff. The fruits ripen and fall in their season, and the dews nightly feed these unfailing fountains when that land yonder lies parched and dead.

Of all this inner valley not a rood but is Nature's own. Iao has been and shall always

be, the temple and the throne of beauty. Grove upon grove crowns her terraces; garden upon garden perfumes her cloudy heights. Babylon indeed is fallen, and its grandeur is laid waste; but Iao the solitary, whom art may not approach nor utility desecrate,—Iao, clothed in perennial splendor, savage, somber, serene, shall endure and reign forever.

Let the frivolous, who know Hawaii, and who believe themselves especially acquainted with the island of Maui,—let them laugh if they will when I take them out of the Eden of Iao to Kalepolepo by the shore. It is out of Eden, I am free to confess; but let those that sit in the seat of the scornful keep their seats, for there are worse places in the Hawaiian world than Kalepolepo, and they probably occupy one of them.

Not that I consider Kalepolepo the queen of Hawaiian watering-places; still if Midas were to expend as much money upon it as has been lavished upon certain unpromising summer resorts I wot of, Kalepolepo might easily take the palm—whether royal, cocoa, wine, cabbage, screw, fan or native palm.

Kalepolepo is not puffed up, is not boastful

of her architecture, her water works, or her public or private gardens. She sits quietly upon the hem of the desert, the sand drifting in upon her inch by inch; the sea playfully reaching up to her, as if to drag her down into the depths. Patience on a monument smiles not more blandly than she—and she has two griefs to smile at: first, there is her loss of prestige; second, there is the aggravating self-importance—the momentary and remittent, but nevertheless undeniable, importance—of her rival, Maalaea!

Forlorn Kalepolepo, I salute thee! In memory of other and happier days, and for the sake of the solemn night I passed within your borders, I drop the silent tear.

We had left Lahaina in the afternoon, my guide and I. We hoped to reach Ulupalakua by sunset; but, coming over the hill of difficulty, just above Maalaea, the wind loosened the shoes of our horses, so that by the time we had reached Kalepolepo the beasts were barefooted. Here the guide promptly unearthed a parent, and tearfully asked leave to hang until morning upon the maternal bosom. As we were about making the tour of the

island, it seemed cruel to refuse him this request. I listened to the voice of nature. I slept at Kalepolepo—but this was years ago.

Later it was revealed to me that my guide—he was but a lad then, had a mother at convenient distances throughout the sea-board of Maui; that he was the pet of a much bemothered family; that his quasi-progenitors all wailed in the same key; that the voice of nature, so to speak, was seldom if ever hushed; for no sooner had the last farewell died away in the distance than a fresh wail was lifted up among the hills ahead of us. Our feet were literally bathed in tears before we could get out of the saddle; in fact, we were pretty damp most of the time. I never before had so much emotion for so little money; and as for the guide, he was probably the least boy for the amount of mother that the world ever saw. And it all began at Kalepolepo. The oldest inhabitant dwelt in an antiquated rookery; and, naturally enough, his name was Noe. Noe was still in possession; but the family and the animals had gone out of the ark, as it were,—at least, *most* of the latter had gone.

It was a dim ark, with lower halls and upper chambers and a hurricane deck, for aught I know. It looked as if it had quietly stepped ashore in a spring-tide, and was rather glad to get in out of the wet. I remember the huge haircloth sofa, such as they used in Noe's day; and the mountain chain of spiral springs set all awry by some internal convulsion in the bed of that sofa. I settled down among the numerous valleys before morning, and slept like Giant Despair. I remember other pieces of dark, quaint furniture of pre-historic mould; and, while waiting for the approach of sleep, I thought of the days when the ark was the resort of ancient mariners, very like Captain Marryat's "King's Own," who were doing business on great waters—a very brisk business, too,—and came to Kalepolepo to bargain for hides and potatoes and watermelons.

Those were piping times; but oh, what changes have come over the spirit of that past!

Dana had not yet written "Two Years before the Mast;" Herman Melville was vagabonding from Cancer to Capricorn, gathering material for those most delightful of all books

of adventure, "Omoo," "Typee," "Moby Dick," and "White Jacket." Monterey was still thoroughly Mexican; California gold not even dreamed of; but Kalepolepo had store-houses bursting with bushels of potatoes, almost as good as so many nuggets of gold. She supplied the whaling fleet that summered in the Arctic, and long after gold had glorified the Pacific Coast she was shipping luxuries to the hungry miners.

Ah me! Kalepolepo had her attractions then. What if her solitary boulevard could boast no shade? The solid sands were paced by the light-footed nymphs, who came hither to dazzle in silks and satins and fine feathers; and the flower of the forecastle—no doubt some true blue-bloods among them—scattered dollars like dross.

There was good eating and good drinking then. Many a night the walls of the ark must have rung with revelry; and, if the night were calm without, there was music and laughter upon the silver sands, and the cocoa palms yonder nodded in the moonlight, as much as to say—well, never mind what they said; for it is all done with now!

The ark is still here, creaking a little in the winds that blow bravely at Kalepolepo. The old sheds are here that were filled and emptied so frequently; some of the original huts are still standing, and a few new ones have sprung up—prim wooden boxes, such as expel the airs of heaven and condense the blasts of the pit.

Just over the ridge there are juicy, large watermelons ripening in the sand; and at times—alas for the rarity!—somebody rides through the place, in the glare of the sun, looking in vain for the inviting vine and the fig-tree of refreshment. But, for all this, Kalepolepo has her memories; and these are what Maalaea has not—at least, none that she has any reason to be proud of.

It was at Kalepolepo that Kamehameha the Conqueror beached his canoes. If the oldest inhabitant of Maalaea claims this distinction for his port, believe him not. I have the facts from an eye-witness. The sea was dark with victorious canoes; Kamehameha landed at Kalepolepo, and a *kapu* was put upon the nearest stream. It became sacred to royalty, as was the custom, and is know

as Waikapu to this hour—that is, forbidden water.

Presently the monarch began his march; and at the second stream a great battle raged, so those waters were called Luku. Luku—"to slaughter, to slay as in war, the destruction of many at once." Wailuku! only to think of her unimaginable tranquillity in this year of grace.

The enemy was defeated and put to flight, and a third stream was called Ehu. Ehu—"to scare away, as hogs or hens," or as faint-hearted and sore-footed foes. Waiehu is a meagre rivulet, that seems to have wasted away under the influence of this withering epithet.

There over the hill and down into the dale of Waihee rushed the panic-stricken hosts. As for the word *Hee*, it may mean, probably does mean in this case, utter rout, or to be dispersed in battle; and well they must have been who fled before Kamehameha, inasmuch as Waihee is the jumping-off place; after it—the deluge!

That is the legend of the four waters, given me by one Paahao, of Waihee, who knew

Kamehameha; whose hand I shook, which had been shaken by Kamehameha the great; who is the proud possessor of a pipe, the gift of the conqueror after he had buried the hatchet and was willing to smoke in peace.

The other day I called on old Paahao. We were sitting in an arbor of castor-beans when the venerable savage asked me for a smoke. Alas for the depravity of this people. I took the cigarette from between my lips, and inserted it in the cavity which he still uses as a mouth. The aperture closed about the pernicious weed, like a sack gathered up with a cord. Then he drew mightily again and again and again. His cheeks fell in. I began to fear that his suction, though audible, was defective, and that he was not able to fetch even a thread of smoke from the delicate wisp of paper that was gradually sinking into his face. But with wonderful energy he still worked at it; and at last, taking the live coal from his lips, he quenched it between his thumb and finger as deliberately as if it had been a pellet of chalk. Then, and not till then, did he begin to smoke; but having once begun, it was indeed *he* who was smoking.

Dense volumes of vapor welled up out of the depths of him. He was oozing at every pore. Thick clouds obscured him. Like a frightful example of spontaneous combustion, he faded away before my very eyes. Then out of this pillar of cloud came a faint voice. Was it a voice of warning or exhortation? No, it was not the advice so freely offered by those who can not smoke to those who can. On the contrary, it was a heartfelt *Aloha*, wafted to me from another country and another age, as it were; for Paahao smoked his first pipeful with his old friend Captain Cook, and he was at that moment flourishing, like the bay-tree, in the one hundred and twelfth year of his age.

As I grasped his hand at parting, it was with inexpressible anguish that I realized how, in my possible threescore years and ten, though I were to smoke like a furnace night and day, I can never hope to rival this human volcano. So I turned sadly from him, and left him sitting in his bean arbor, belching at intervals a pale-blue vapory ring or two, and smiling to himself, down by the rice-paddy, overlooking the haunt of the dreamy squid.

XXVI.

THE LAND OF CANE.

KAHULUI has much to be proud of, and I dare say she is as proud as she has any reason to be. Most of us are, and this would be a sorry community if it were not so.

I don't know if any local poet has as yet tuned his lyre in praise of Kahului, or if the indigenous prophet has foretold the greatness of her future; but any one who knows anything of this breezy port of entry, will not find it difficult to accept such a prophecy without much margin.

Hers is not the ephemeral prosperity that fell to the lot of Kalepolepo in the halcyon days. She is backed by thriving plantations that gladden the highlands and the lowlands of Maui. She boasts her own mercantile marine, her custom-house, her railway, and her wreck in the harbor, of which only the spareribs are remaining.

There is a court-house of brick and a club of good fellows, and far more spirit among the people than might generally be looked for in a town of her size; for Kahului is not a "city of magnificent distances," as yet.

Were it not that I am shortsighted, I might have been a land-owner of some consequence before now; for I well remember the day when I rode over the site of this city, following the cattle tracks in the stunted stubble, and wondering what manner of beast it might be that hunted in that region for refreshment.

Blinding sand-hills shut out the horizon on the one hand; blinding sea-hills break into avalanches of spume and spray on the other hand; and between the two lies a perennial drought—the abomination of desolation.

I didn't care to possess it then; I would not like to hold a squatter right within a mile of it now—unless I could be sure of disposing of it for cash in season to take the first outward-bound train.

Yet the town is full of wholesome people, who seem obviously happy; and what man will gainsay them the right to be so, or compel them to show cause? They know a great deal

more about the secret charms of Kahului than we do,—vastly more, no doubt, than we can ever hope to know.

She has her dock jutting out into deep water; her barges, like floating docks, that easily accommodate themselves to the varying tides. She has also her Oriental eating-house—how appetizing that sounds!—her billiard-halls, her tonsorial artist, and—well, one of the best furnished shops in the Kingdom.

There are boating-parties, serenades, and late suppers on board the crack craft from the coast; polite visitations among the neighborly; and on Saturday nights, or at least on some of them, much hilarity when the Spreckelsville boys come to town.

The little dock is crowded whenever the steamer comes in. It is crowded again on the departure of the boat. One would almost imagine that there are nothing but meetings and partings in Kahului; for between the acts she is not a frolicsome burg. If one were disposed to be ungracious, one might say that, outwardly, Kahului discovers the unpicturesque disorder which is characteristic of all border settlements.

Everywhere one sees evidences of prematurity. If she has a street, it can hardly, even by courtesy, be called straight. The houses seem to have sprung up, like toadstools, wherever it was most convenient. A better figure, perhaps, is that, like a bed of ostrich eggs, she seems to have hatched out in the sun-baked sand; and, judging from the almost total absence of verdure, one might add that, like the ostrich, the inhabitants are accustomed to bury their heads in the arenaceous deposits, and imagine themselves covered.

I wonder if any green thing will take root and grow here—anything beside the thick, rank grass, and the fat-leaved sea-convolvulus, with its briny sap?

I wonder if the sea were to rise and pass over it, whether the town would take on a fresher look and show a bit of color here and there? She is of a sandy complexion and all of one tint. The mud villages of the Egyptian Nile are not more so. She is right in the wind; and the booming trades, damp with spray, might cloud the glass in the rattling windows with salt; yet she seems knee-deep

in desert dirt, and the biting sun fastens a sharp fang upon her, and keeps it there all day.

In spite of this, she is lusty and ambitious, and, I doubt not, hopes to divide the Kingdom's commerce with the capital. She already has her depot and noble warehouses, and a spread of side tracks, like a skeleton fan, strung full of freight-cars that have evidently seen service. She has her daily trains running up and down the coast, with an elastic "time table," one "to suit all sights and to suit all ages." Moreover, she has a diminutive locomotive that is positively the most obliging of its kind that ever ran on wheels.

It must be that "the last man" is a myth in Kahului; for no one was ever known to get left there. After sitting for a long half hour on the uncovered platform-car that does Pullman duty on this line, after steeping in the sunshine or scorching in the wind until patience perishes from sheer exhaustion, the little locomotive comes in out of the meadow as frisky as a corn-fed filly, and the tourist tightens his hat-band for instant flight. But

the locomotive is only pirouetting in a burst of enthusiasm and steam, rehearsing a kind of glide-waltz among the side-tracks. It slides off in one direction to lead up a car-partner, then glides away in another to draw out a bashful mate from the seclusion of the wood-piles. Perhaps it is the german and not the glide-waltz; for when there are enough of these partners in waiting, the whole of them are sent bowling down the main track, where we receive them with a bang and a suppressed shriek. The dance is kept up so long as there is anything to be gained by it, and long after there is any fun in it; and then when Hope and Despair have been sandwiched as deep as a jelly cake, we actually get started for Wailuku, Spreckelsville or Paia, as the case may be. But even now the last man, woman or child does not hurry; for any one may toddle across lots, having wound up a conversation and punctuated it, and comfortably board the train in the suburbs.

All trains are accommodation trains---that is, if one is in no hurry. I believe the obliging engineer would, if so desired, reverse and go back to pick up the point of a joke; and,

though in calm weather or on holidays he may encourage a brief spurt with some gallant horseman on the salt flats, beyond the town, it would probably not interfere with the schedule or the sentiments of the railway company if he were to slow down to get out of the way of a fly on the track.

I can assure you that it is a great convenience to be able to mount a pyramid of freight when the two benches of the passenger-car are filled, even though a portion of that freight be animated pork. It is joy to roll down the metals on an easy grade. Although the passenger accommodations are primitive and limited, the fare is reasonable enough. Travel on this line seems to be looked at in the light of a "lark;" and the travelers are apparently the jolliest people in the world until the locomotive begins to blow a whistle—a piercing, ear-splitting scream that is positively paralyzing. But good-nature is soon restored, especially if we are approaching Kahului. The array of inebriated-looking out-houses is diverting and the habit of leaving hogsheads of fresh water at the rear elevation of those residences inhabited by water-drinkers—dropping

them on the wing, as it were—is an amusing characteristic of the railroad employees. Finally, we are all perfectly happy when the trowserless small boy, striding the fence in the foreground, waves the surplus of his solitary garment and shouts a wild “Hooroo!”

Only to think that I might have owned the whole parish—been a bloated capitalist—by this time, and have called the place Something-ville! Is it chagrin, I wonder, that causes me to confess myself bored? Is it because the palms of my hands are parching, and there is sand in my boots, and my throat is filled with dust, that I am constrained to whisper in your ear that Kahului at present looks just a little as if the wind blew it in?

Kahului is the seaport of Spreckelsville. Of course you have heard all about Spreckelsville. It was probably your ear for euphony that caught the faint sound as it fell the first time you heard the word uttered and to your last day it will ring loud and clear in the fine harmony of Hawaiian nomenclature.

Spreckelsville! Think of the multitudinous waters that are associated with Hawaiian localities, and fly to Spreckelsville for relief!

After such a babbling of water-brooks, and of waters that sparkle or leap or sleep, or are imprisoned,—of waters that are sweet or bitter, silent or songful, sacred or profane,—waters of life-everlasting, or of death and destruction; after seas that jet, or rush rudely, or stand still; that threaten or beguile, or do anything that seas may do to make a namesake of the land or lea that lies nearest them,—how refreshing to come upon such a name as Spreckelsville, with its numberless beautiful associations!

Sit still, my heart! Sing, Oh muse, of Spreckelsville! Let the prodigious extinct crater claim to be the habitation of the sun, and the groves above the brow of yonder hill boast "ripe bread-fruit for the gods." We will show them what's in a name; for we can prove to the satisfaction of any nasal organ in Christendom that one bottle of the extract of Spreckelsville (there is a small lake of it down by the railway, to the windward of the Spreckelsville headquarters) will smell as sweet, though you were to call it by any other name in the whole Hawaiian vocabulary.

You must have heard how the modern

Midas, with a touch of his magic wand, has made the desert to blossom as the rose. Great Christopher, what a desert it was in my day! And to think that you or I might have possessed ourselves of Spreckelsville, when it was called Puunene, for a mere song—that is, if we had cared for it, and known how to sing!

It was one of the waste places of the earth; its only apology for existence was that it afforded an extremely disagreeable passage from East to West Maui. If the Red Sea had forgotten to close up again after the Israelites had gone through it dry-shod, the physical geography of the passage would no doubt resemble the site of Spreckelsville, and of the plantation as it was when I first knew it.

The four winds of heaven used to meet there, and raise *cain* long before Sir Claus Spreckels ever dreamed of doing it. There were mounds of dust, like brick-dust, where the winds wallowed. When they grew tired of that sport, they used to join forces and waltz madly among the dustheaps. You should have seen them then! The dust grew

restless and began to rise and whirl; it took the shape of a cylindrical cloud, buzzing like a top, and climbing into the very sky. Higher and higher it climbed, reeling dizzily, twisting and curving as gracefully as a swan's throat. It was spun like a web out of that dust-heap; and when the fabric was complete, it trailed slowly along the arid plain. It had a voice, too,—a horrible voice, that hummed and muttered while the weird thing was spirally ascending; and then, when it was about a mile high, it started out across the waste like an avenging spirit and passed on over the sea, or was drawn up into the heavens and dispelled.

Sometimes there were two or three of these dust fountains abroad at one time. Water-spouts are pretty enough when you look at them from the windward; but dust-spouts are far prettier, for they are like great amber tubes; and you almost wonder that they don't snap and fall to the earth in fragments as they writhe in air space.

All these spectacular displays have given place to developments of a very practical nature. If you had asked me a few years ago

what I thought of the isthmus of Maui as an investment, I would confidently have assured you that there was not a spoonful of good soil to be had for the digging from one end of it to the other. I would have suggested cutting a canal through the middle of it; so as to avoid, if possible, a repetition of the accident that befell a certain navigator some years ago, who came near running down the island and beached his ship below Spreckelsville, while heading for Lanai.

But, after all, how little we scribes know of these things! Perhaps the Pharisees are better posted. At any rate, it seems that one has only to flood the sand, and all the latent life that is in it buds and blossoms and bears fruit, so that in a little time you would not know it had ever been anything other than a garden spot.

Midas needed innumerable hands to do the work he had planned. His sails whitened the seas, his hordes swarmed in upon the parched plains and were gathered into various camps and clans under a head center, who lived in a shadowless big house. He wanted water. With a wave of his hand, lo! Claudian

aqueducts poured mountain torrents into the lap of the wilderness.

Then the sowers went forth to sow and the reapers to reap; and by the time the mills—not the mills of the gods, that grind slowly but grind exceedingly small—were well agoing, one could see almost at a single glance how the green shoot plumed and ripened, and the juice rippled and bubbled through mysterious processes, till it fell into yawning sacks in a shower of snowy flakes.

Pardon me if my language is somewhat inflated! It is a custom one easily acquires in a community where everything is done on the Spreckelsville scale. And don't look to me for figures, save only the figures of speech; the weights and measures are all set down in their proper places; and when I have acknowledged the immensity of this particular enterprise, I have done all that can be expected of me in that line.

Progress—the ogre of the nineteenth century—Progress, with a precipitous *P*,—is the war-cry of Spreckelsville. In her track the steam-plow is rampant, and here mechanical ingenuity can go no further at present. The

vacuum-pan is as big as a balloon; there is a forest of smoke-stacks over the engine-house; so that that portion of the settlement looks like the levee at New Orleans in the cotton season. When the wind blows—did it ever cease at Spreckelsville?—and the pebbles begin to pour upon the roof, you would imagine a broadside of Gatling guns brought to bear upon the settlement.

— Yet the desert blossoms, as stated above, and the transformation is little short of miraculous. Do you wonder that I am deeply impressed at the numberless green acres of cane,—acres that stretch even to the horizon, and cane that is brought up by hand, as it were? Do you wonder that I am awestruck when I see armies marshalled forth from the several camps, and dispatched to their respective fields, as if by magic or machinery?

— It is true that, barring the green tinge of the growing crops and the brick-red dust on the borderland, this plantation is monotony exemplified; that in the artistic eye it is, and probably always will be, without form and void; that its scattered camps are like barracks of the barest and bleakest description.

Umbrageous is a word which will probably never find place in the lexicon of the still youthful Spreckelsville.

Now, if I were a prominent shareholder, I would at once suggest that we "rub out and begin again"; that we spend less money in splurging and more in civilizing; we would not spread over so much land, very likely, but we would not spread it so thin. After all, what is your sugar-cane but a large and juicier kind of grass? And what is the sugar market but a delusion and a snare?

It has been the custom in some quarters to speak lightly of the Spreckelsville boys. Their name is legion. I can honestly say that they, at least, have some style about them. When I hear trousers fondly called "pants," and see spring-bottom editions of the article, which marks the year one of the Christian era in this Kingdom, flapping over a two-inch hoodlum heel, I assure myself and you that the wearers of those garments have not yet descended to the level of the "poor whites," some of whom have slunk away into the unvisited recesses of these islands. Poor whites, indeed—a hopeless element, known

through the South Pacific as *Beche de mer-men*.

At Spreckelsville the interest in athletics is retained. They still live in the hope of getting out of the Kingdom at some future day; and at Spreckelsville, more than at any other place I know of, the masculine sentiment of republicanism is nourished in all its vigorous virility.

It is refreshing to see so large a body of young men successfully fighting against the voluptuous allurements of the climate; and it is not to be wondered at if, at times, some unlucky one is a temporary study in black and blue; or that the prodigal sons troop down to Kahului on Saturday night to waste their substance in riotous living.

In a community like this, where everything is done on a great, I may say on a *very* great, scale—let us spell *Great* with a pot-bellied *G*,—an escape valve is absolutely necessary. Perhaps nowhere in the world is an escape valve more necessary than at Spreckelsville—and here, if you please, we will spell *Spreckelsville* with an abnormal *S*.

XXVII.

UP HALEAKALA.

SITTING on the balcony of the Maison Rouge at Waihee—a balcony that unconsciously affected the air of a proscenium box at the Grand Opera, and was certainly more comfortable and far less expensive,—sitting on the balcony, of the Little Red House at the Corners, I witnessed day after day and night after night such spectacles as were never attempted on any stage we wot of.

'Twas an ever-varying combination of landscape, seascape and skyscape. The whole gamut of color—the seven-toned prism—met and mingled in exquisite harmony in one sweep of the eye. In no two hours of the day was this all-embracing prospect quite the same. I think I may safely add that in no two hours of any two days, or two weeks either, was that picture quite the same. There was the dusty winding road in the fore-

ground; but delicious rainshowers swept over the sea and went trailing up the road, and the road was quite another road after that. Or perhaps the bullock-carts laden with juicy cane-stalks came creaking down over the hill and the volume of ochre-tinted dust that followed them made a pillar of cloud by day.

Why, speaking of dust! I've seen from that very balcony of the Maison Rouge, away off in that strip of desert yonder, the meeting of two winds. When two winds meet, they waltz for a season before parting. In the giddy whirl of this waltz of the elements, their invisible skirts swept up so great a dust that the red-powdered earth spun itself into a long, slender, tapering column, that swayed and pirouetted in airy curves. 'Twas like the body of a serpent that is about to strike its adversary. Sometimes a pair of these would uncoil in midair, and soar serenely across the low, dusty isthmus that connects the two mountainous districts of Maui. Were they to come my way, it would behoove me to fly into some cave for shelter. And they are not to be trifled with. On land we call them dust chimneys. Happily, they are neither

numerous nor long-lived. They are the only animated features in the landscape,—the only really animated features. Of course the clouds are ever with us, and the storm-cloud is one of these; but we fear the cloud less than the whirlwind with that exclamation point, the whirling chimney of red dust.

There is the sea, with its thousand changeful lights—the Eastern Sea. From my couch in the Maison Rouge I can watch the sun over the waves without raising my head from my pillow. If I grow weary of this matutinal diversion, I have only to turn, and there, from the opposite windows, my eyes rest upon precipitous slopes, greener than the greenest emerald, the groves climbing far up their flanks, the clouds pressing down upon their brows, while from the bosom of these clouds gush half a score of rivulets:

“And, like a downward smoke, each slender stream
Along the cliff to fall, and pause, and fall, did seem.”

Ah, this is the lotus eaters' land! You know that after every shower a thousand streams are born; they don't last long—in half an hour or less they have run their course. But from the brow of every cloud-

visited cliff, at any moment a stream may spring to life, and, running headlong into space, soon end itself

“A land of streams! Some like a downward smoke,
Slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro’ wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbering sheet of foam below.”

Yet all this is merely foreground. What I’m trying to get at is Haleakala, the great extinct crater that is a perpetual delight to the eye as I gaze at it daily—yes, and far into the night, when the moon is shining, while I lounge on the balcony of the Maison Rouge at Waihee.

From a distance, Haleakala looks as sleek as a whale, and very like a whale. With a glass you may descry tufts of fuzz on its blue-gray sides. But you do not for a moment imagine that the fuzzy tufts are forests; that the whole slope of the mountain is gutted with ravines; and that the piebald patches’ scattered over its surface are jungles of wild weeds, grown wilder ever since the sun dried the deluge-damp out of the primeval soil.

Very few of the continental tourists who are called out of bed at an unwonted hour,

and creep forth, covered with blankets and confusion, to see the sun rise on the Righi Culm, realize that the selfsame sun rises daily all the world over; and that there are sun-rises we know of that might put the Righi to the blush, though her sunrise were of the deepest dye. Why do so few island tourists do Haleakala? Is she not the "house of the sun"? Shall the sun not rise in his own house, with all his paraphernalia about him, in as much state as upon any Alp in the world? Does he not refuse to rise at intervals upon the poles? And once up, does he not refuse to go down again, as if it were not worth his while? Where is his beam brighter, his glow fiercer, his reign longer, than in the tropics? And where else do such pomp and splendor wait upon his in-coming and his out-going as along the equatorial seas?

Blankets we need on Haleakala, albeit we are in the tropics; and provision and hot coffee; a guide to lead the way, and another to keep him company—both to be utilized, perhaps, as human warming-pans when the cold hours of the night come on. Bottles of water are also indispensable, and a bottle of

spirits, and enough of the sweet Indian weed to burn the night out between fitful naps that are but dream-glimpses of Labrador.

We set forth with breath enough to shout joyfully to one another, as we pass in Indian-file along the trail. All this time the earth is receding, and the top of the mountain in like proportion; it is as if the upward climbing path were elastic, and the two ends of it were being stretched out as we advance, leaving us to amble forever in the middle distance. But by and by some cooler currents of air that flow over us,—invisible rivers of refreshment; the clouds that were a canopy become a carpet; the flying scud brushes our faces; we are at intervals enveloped in sudden and evanescent mists that anon sweep noiselessly past, and become entangled among the deep, dark woods.

It is very still; sometimes it is very steep; but we know that we may ride to the rim of the crater without dismounting—unless by accident,—and that the air, which is already thin, will grow thinner and thinner to the last gasp on the tiptop of the globe.

We are an asthmatical crew, man and

beast; legs and lungs are failing in concert. Oh, if one could only husband one's breath like the bagpipe, for instance, or blow one's self up like the balloon-fish against this hour of general debility! What a waste of energy goes on without ceasing in the worrisome little world down yonder! And what does one gain by it, save hastening his end?

Do very old people feel like this, I wonder? Five paces, and a halt for repairs; all things growing dim to the sight—men as trees walking,—and all sounds faint and far away, as if cotton were stuffed in their ears.

The mountain top was as red as a live coal when we came to it; the sun was gone, but he was not yet forgotten. So we set up our tabernacle in the midst thereof, and kindled a huge fire—for with the feast of the eye came faintness and famine of the stomach, as is usually the case. One can not travel far on the chameleon's dish; it has no staying qualities, and we must needs eat and drink and be satisfied before we sit down to a long and silent contemplation of nature. What a fright it was, the crater, when we first looked into it! A burnt-out furnace, in which the

gods might have forged the stars; or a bomb, out of which they might have shot comets, if they had cared to. Only think of it: thirty miles around the brim; two thousand perpendicular feet down to the bottom of it in the shallow parts, and at some points the walls towering eight hundred feet higher yet! All this is one colossal crater, the greatest in the world, having within it nigh a score of lesser craters, cone-shaped excrescences, the largest six hundred feet in height, and these with funnel-like mouths, after the fashion of Stromboli, Vesuvius and Ætna.

The crater is a mixture of clay and shale, veneered with successive lava flows. It is as dry as a bone to-day. I doubt if a dove from the Ark could find so much as a green leaf for a token, since all the "house of the sun" has become as the abomination of desolation throughout its many mansions. In fact, it looks like the wrong side of the world.

At our camp-fire we brewed draughts hot as Tophet and sweet as Hyblæan dew. We stirred the embers and waited; for the night was chilly and dark, and there was nothing to do but wait. The earth seemed to have sunk

into space under us; we were alone on a rock in the sky. Presently something startled us; the night heaved a long-drawn sigh; then a shadow rose before us where no shadow had been before, and, half in fright, we turned toward the crater and met the sad moon face to face.

Immediately what had seemed to us hideous became beautiful; the vast, shapeless depths were spiritualized; the walls were silvered, and they gleamed like sculptured marble; the floor of the crater was one broad mosaic, the inner craters like the basins of dry fountains sprinkled with star-dust. We saw a sky-pavilioned temple, with shadowy buttresses, dim niches peopled with glimmering statues, and echoless colonnades stretching beyond the vision—but never a worshiper save we three mutes, clinging like animalcules to a pinnacle among the heights. How cold it was all that time!—as cold as the moon looks through a telescope; and, like the moon, naked for all the cold. But even if you get down to zero, or below it, on Haleakala, suffer not your heart to be troubled. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh with the morning.

It must have been about an hour before day-break, after a night of exquisite unrest, when we were again hanging upon the rim of the crater. Ribbons of mist were streaming in from the windward-gap, floating airily along under the shelter and the shadow of the walls, curling above and beneath the massive projections; sometimes white in the moonlight, sometimes lost in thick darkness. Then fold upon fold unwound from the mass of cloud that was continually gathering in from the sea; invisible hands bore it hither and yon, draping the rough rock, festooning every cliff, wreathing the spires, and clothing the barren peaks with a pale garment. And then the figure was at once lost; for the flood-gates of heaven were thrown wide open, and wave after wave of cloud poured through in one immeasurable flood.

The gulf was filled to the brim; the whole earth and the world passed away; we were lost in a stormy chaos of impalpable snow. Away out upon the edge of it we saw a faint, blue line; it was the horizon. Sometimes, in a lull, we caught glimpses of denser clouds: they were islands. I fancied I could almost

see the globe bulging like an orange; and I thought how we must look at a dim distance, as we hung suspended in midair, boundless space above us, boundless space beneath us, boundless space on either hand; we swimming, a mere puff-ball, in the translucent element, which is without beginning and without end; wherein we cast no shadow to speak of, the very shadow itself dissolving away in the space through which we swim insensibly,—the thought made me dizzy and faint. Why not rise up and take my Icarian flight, perchance landing upon some other planet; or, missing that, disappear an atom in the universe? Rare air makes one light-headed. Meanwhile the day broke tumultuously. We hearkened, but heard nothing. Yet the turbulent clouds were gorged, and from gaping wounds gushed rivers of golden blood in a deluge of insufferable splendor. It was the storming of the Citadel of Silence!

I know they imagine a vain thing who hope to make the sunrise before another's eyes. I know that there is neither speech nor language that can image it; that one glimpse of the reality is sufficient to confound the whole

army of gazetteers. Yet we all try our hand at it, because it is our delight and our despair. We are flushed with the elixir that is drunk only upon the heights; its aroma is in our blood. Oh these heights! Is it any wonder that He went up into a mountain to pray, and that the blessed company of hermits and holy ones have followed in His footsteps since that day?

Turn now your endazzled eye on the full splendor of the east, where the Shekinah is unveiled in clouds of glory, ineffable symbol of the All-glorious! And symbolically—since everything in nature is symbolical—in the uprising of yonder sun behold the Elevation of the Host!

XXVIII.

AFTERGLOW.

THERE is a bell in a certain tower,—a tower quite near me, yet not visible from my windows. At six o'clock every morning that bell does its best to tip over in delirious joy; but a dozen strokes of the big iron tongue usually complete its effort, and the last note vibrates and spins itself out indefinitely. I like to be awakened by that bell; I like to hear it at meridian, when my day's work is nearly done. It is swinging this very moment; and the heavy hammer is bumping its head on either side of the rim, wrought to a pitch of melodious fury.

The voice of it is so like the voice of a certain bell I used to hear in a dreamy sea-side village away off in the Tropics, that I have only to close my eyes and I am over the seas again, where I have dwelt of yore. As it rings now I fancy I am in a great house, built

of coral stone,—a house surrounded by broad verandas and standing in the midst of a grove of cocoa-palms. Just across a dusty lane lies the churchyard; and in the congregation of the departed I catch a glimpse of the homely whitewashed walls of the old missionary church. As the bell of that church rings out at high noon the pigeons flutter from the eaves of the old church, and sail to and fro as if half afraid; yet this flight of theirs, which ends with the last note of the bell—then they quietly nestle themselves under the eaves once more,—this flight of theirs seems to be a part of the service that is renewed from day to day.

In spirit I pace again those winding paths; I meet dark faces that brighten as I greet them; I hear the reef-music blown in from the summer sea; through leafy trellises I look into the watery distance, where white sails are wafted like feathers across an azure sky. A dry and floating dust, like powdered gold, glorifies the air. The vertical sun has driven the shadows to the wall, and the dry pods of the tamarind rattle and crackle in the intense heat; or perhaps a cocoanut drops suddenly to the grass with a dull *thud*.

A vixenish hornet swaggers in at the window, which is never closed, dangling its withered legs—the very ghost of an emaciated ballet-girl,—and pirouettes above my head, while I sit statue-like, breathlessly awaiting my fate; but—Oh what a relief!—presently she flirts herself out of the window, and is gone.

Do you think that nothing transpires in this far-away corner of the world? The coolie who brings me my matutinal 'cocoanut, the cream of which I drink from the tender young shell just broken for me, is now gathering fallen leaves, each one as big as a Panama hat; they have covered the tennis-court during the night. Do you often see such a sight as that?

Were in Honolulu—the Tropical Metropolis, you know!—I could see from my window as of yore a singularly shaped hill, commonly called Punch Bowl. 'Twas once an active volcano, and the Punch brewed in it in those days was not good for lips of mortal clay. It has been empty for ages, as have all the volcanoes in the northern islands of the group; and now it looms above the sea of foliage that

engulfs the little capital like an island in the air. There is a fortress up yonder, and a winding carriage way that leads from the edge of the town to the summit, and girdles that. Ah! what a stretch of sea and shore invites the eye as one skirts the rim of old Punch Bowl! And in the twilight one is up among the stars. Punch Bowl has baked hard in the sun through all these ages; it is for the most part as red as clay, though a tinge of green in its rain-moistened chinks suggests those bronzes of uncertain antiquity. 'Tis really an ornamental bit of nature's bric-a-brac. Above it roll snow-white trade-wind clouds, those commercial travelers that rush over us in such haste, as if they had important business elsewhere. Above all is the profoundly blue, blue sky, within whose depths one loses one's self so easily and feels so lonesome.

I like better to picture the narrow street in my old neighborhood, wherein man and beast travel amicably; and a disconsolate old Kanaka, done up in a shirt or a sheet—it makes very little difference to him which one of these is his covering,—settles for a little while

wherever it may please him to halt, and there takes about three whiffs of tobacco from a stubby, black, brass-bound, wooden pipe before resuming his aimless journey to nowhere.

Over the way there is a long, low rustic shed, with its beams hung full of dead ripe bananas; on a little bench under these yellow pouches of creamy pulp lie heaps of native watermelons, looking very delicious indeed. A comely native girl, with an uncombed head—but comely for all that,—will sell you her poorest stores with a grace that makes the article cheap at any price.

Just beyond my window wave mango boughs, heavily fruited. There are strange flowers palpitating in the sunshine, covered thick with dust-pollen,—flowers whose ancestors have lived and died in Ceylon, Java, Japan, Madagascar, and all those far-away lands that make a boy's mouth water in study hours as he pores over his enchanted atlas. Sinbad had thrilling experiences and some hair-breadth escapes while he was traveling correspondent of the *Daily Arabian Nights*; but I warrant you there are plenty of us now-

adays who would risk life and limb for a tithe of his wonderful adventures.

I hear the tramp of hoofs upon the hard-baked street; horsemen and horsewomen dash by,—the men sitting limp in the saddle and seeming almost a part of the animal; the women riding man-fashion, like Amazons, and outriding the men in a race.

What the down is to the peach so is the last hour of sunset to the tropical day; it is the finishing touch that makes perfect the whole. The bell has just struck again, and its long reverberating note seems of a color with the picture in my mind;—a bell for sunset, it is the Angelus that calls me back again to the little village that lies half asleep over the dreamy sea.

Just fancy a long, long beach, with a long, long wave rushing upon it and turning a regular somersault, all spray and spangles, just before it gets there; a unique lighthouse at the top of the one solitary dock where the small boats land; the white spires of two churches at the two ends of the town, and a sprinkling of roofs and verandas but half discovered in the confusion of green boughs,—

that is Lahaina from the anchorage; I think it the prettiest sight in the whole Hawaiian Kingdom.

Let us hasten shoreward. Perhaps we wonder if that ridge of breakers is to be climbed in safety? Perhaps we look with a tinge of superstition into the affairs of Lahaina, questioning if it be really the abode of men in the flesh, or but a dream wherein spirits live and move and have their being?

Ah! we are speedily awakened by the boat-boy. Great is the boat-boy of Lahaina! He is agile and impudent and amphibious, and altogether comical. He has carried all the population of Lahaina—some two or three thousand—in his boat, first and last. He complacently suns himself on that solitary wharf, hour after hour, day after day, patiently awaiting a fresh arrival and a renewal of business. Business he can not help ranking before pleasure, because in his case such business is the most pleasurable of his pleasures.

Happy, thrice happy boat-boy! He poises himself against the whitewash of the wooden lighthouse in startling relief; he recognizes you the moment he lays eye on you, in spite

of your week-old beard and the dilapidated state of your traveling suit; with the utmost cordiality he hails you by your Christian name—a custom of the country; you immediately fall a victim to his wiles. It is quite impossible not to brave the sea with him whether you will or no; for he is the embodiment of presuming good-nature, and you are as wax under the influence of his beaming and persuasive smile. The finger of Time doubles up the moment it points toward him; he is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. I can lead you to the very boat-boy who collared me ages ago, I am sure of it; he must be still lying in wait for me,—not a day older, not a particle changed; and were I there in the flesh as I am there in the spirit, I should expect to fall into his hands within the hour, and should instinctively and instantly surrender whatever plans I may have cherished without a murmur and without a doubt.

Ever consistent in his inconsistency, wonderful are the ways of the Kanaka. I am reminded of an incident which occurred within my personal knowledge. A Hawaiian congregation having, after considerable effort,

succeeded in raising money enough for the purchase of a large bell, called a meeting of all those who were interested in church matters. You may be sure there was a full attendance, for this was an occasion of unusual importance. The new bell, paid for out of the donations of those present, was hanging in the little square tower of the church; it was rung for the edification of the people; then two of the most popular and eloquent debaters in that part of the Kingdom were called upon to entertain the multitude with an argument upon the respective merits of the bell and the conch-shell which was formerly in general use throughout Hawaii.

The Hawaiians are never weary of arguing; there are very eloquent and witty orators among them; they are fluent speakers and highly emotional; they share tears and laughter in a breath. The champion of the bell arose. He spoke of the growth and development of the age we live in; of the propriety of keeping pace with said age; of how they, as a nation, had risen out of the darkness of superstition, and were now called upon to put away the childish things of the past. The Hawaiian

orator loves to refer to the regeneration of his race, the broken idols, and all that sort of thing; this is Hawaiian "Buncombe." He did not forget to describe the singular history of the bell, tracing it from the ore in the earth to the instrument in the air. He would have quoted Schiller's "Lay" had Schiller been a Hawaiian. He concluded with a noble panegyric on the silvery, vibrating voice that should henceforth speak to them of prayer and praise in most persuasive tones. He ended amid a tumult of applause; it looked bad for the champion of the conch.

Then the latter arose. Silent was the throng that gathered about him; his prospects were anything but encouraging. After a suitable pause he began to speak in a low mellow voice, that at once attracted attention. He said he had not risen to praise the works of man,—they spoke for themselves on every possible occasion; he came to speak of that slender, delicate structure, framed by the hand of God Himself, whose twining, pearl-lined pipe responded only to the airs of heaven. Its home was in the sea at their very feet—a beautiful and gracious offering;

it was ancient as the earth. What could be more fitting than that this shell, out of the bosom of the blue waters, should whisper to the children of a day and call them home to God? It was forever singing; it was forever haunted by the spirit of song. Would they—should they—*could* they dash aside this exquisite structure, so ancient, so unique, so worthy of their veneration? It was a memento of the past—God-given, and should be gratefully accepted. While all other mementos were fast perishing, this cried to them with its low, sweet moan. Could they be deaf to its melody? Certainly not; it was at once voted that the conch should be blown as usual; but, inasmuch as the new bell had been bought and paid for, it might be tinkled at proper intervals if the bell-tinkler felt so disposed. This is Hawaiian to the core.

At six this evening when my bell rang again I was transported on the instant. There were long and very cool shadows stretching through the little tropical village. You know, at dusk the reef is stiller, and the roar sounds faint and far off, and is sometimes altogether hushed. The pigeons were once more driven

from their home in the belfry, but for the last time to-day; they soon returned, and, slowly and decorously waltzing about for a moment on their slender pink legs, disappeared within the shelter of the tower.

Down yonder, at this hour everyone is in his easy-chair smoking, chatting or dreaming; there comes a sudden flash across the twilight sky; the marsh hens begin to pipe in the rushes; the moths hover about with big staring carnelian eyes, and dash frantically at the old-fashioned astral-lamp that stands on the center-table in the large open parlor. The night falls suddenly; the air grows cool and moist; a great golden star darts from its sphere and sails through the dewy-dark, leaving a wake of fire.

O Lahaina! my Lahaina! I am reminded of some verses I once made upon you years and years ago. I think they ran as follows:

LAHAINA.

Where the wave tumbles;
Where the reef rumbles;
Where the sea sweeps
Under bending palm-branches,
Sliding its snow-white
And swift avalanches

Where the sails pass
O'er an ocean of glass.
Or trail their dull anchors
Down in the sea-grass.

Where the hills smoulder;
Where the plains smoke;
Where the peaks shoulder
The clouds like a yoke;
Where the dear isle,
Has a charm to beguile
As she rests in the lap
Of the seas that enfold her.

Where shadows falter;
Where the mist hovers
Like steam that covers.
Some ancient altar.

Where the sky rests
On deep wooded crests;
Where the clouds lag;
Where the sun floats
His glittering motes
Swimming the rainbows
That girdle the crag,
Where the newcomer
In deathless summer
Dreams away troubles;
Where the grape blossoms
And blows its sweet bubbles,

Where the goats cry
From the hillside carrel;
Where the fish leap
In the weedy canal.

In the hallow lagoon
With its waters forsaken;
Where the dawn struggles
With night for an hour,
Then breaks like a tropical
Bird from its bower.

Where from the long leaves
The fresh dew is shaken;
Where the wind sleeps,
And where the birds waken.

Ah me! Again and yet again, ah me!
Will they rob these gentle people of their
birthright and their crown? Protect them
certainly: they need protection. They have
been at the mercy of unscrupulous whites ever
since the days of that old pirate Captain
Cook. He began it, and the whalers con-
tinued it, and the scheming politicians have
concluded it. It is an ungodly record, but
such an one as the white man is apt to make
whenever he finds himself among those who
are unacquainted with his wiles. They need
protection in Hawaii. America is the natural
godfather of the Kingdom. Let America
protect them—but annex them, never!

Is it that bell, again, and rings it with a
more hopeful tone? I pray it may be so.
And here end these memories of a precious

past. Oh Island Home! made sacred by a birth and by a death; haunted by sweet and solemn memories. What if thy rocking palm boughs are as muffled music and thy reef a dirge? Please Heaven, the joy-bells that have rung in the happy past shall ring again in the hopeful future, and life once more grow rosy in the radiance of the afterglow.

XXIX.

ON THE REEF.

ONCE upon a time—it was on one of those nights when without apparent reason the spirit of mortal is filled with vague unrest—I strode into the starlight and sought with a kind of desperation the least frequented paths, such as lead away out of the borders of the town toward the shadowy hills.

On such a night the superstitious note with awe the faintest articulation, and too often attribute the least sound to a supernatural cause. I remember that the hedges seemed to shudder at intervals and shadows to move noiselessly before me, while the water that trickled in the shallow stream muttered a refrain that was almost like human speech.

When I stumbled in the darkness I was vexed, and the still air, heavily charged with electricity, was irritating and aggressive.

I had got beyond the reach of voices, as I

thought, and was groping in the deep shade of clustering kamani trees, when a dull murmur, like the drone of the hive, fell upon my ear. I paused to listen. The crickets were chirping bravely, the rill fell with a hollow note into the pool below, and from far away came the solemn suspiration of the sea.

Then I saw a light dimly flickering among the branches in the path and I advanced with some caution, for I was in no mood to discover myself to any one in that seeming solitude.

A few paces distant stood a rude grass hut such as the Hawaiian formerly inhabited, but which, alas, has been suffered to fall into disuse. A door, its only aperture, stood open. Upon a broad, flat stone within the center of the hut flamed a handful of faggots, and over these bowed the withered forms of two venerable Hawaiians, who may have been the last representatives of the ancient race. They were squatted upon their lean haunches, their fleshless arms were extended, their claw-like fingers clasped above the flames. They were both nude, and the light that played about them exaggerated their wrinkles so that the

face of each—I say it in all seriousness—resembled a baked apple. They were chanting in turn one of those weird *meles*, now seldom heard and soon to be utterly forgotten. Their thin voices gathered strength as they recounted the triumphs of departed heroes and the glory that has passed forever. The quivering voices were at times blended, and the ancient bards locked in a tremulous embrace; but at last, profoundly agitated, while the tears coursed their hollow cheeks, they folded their arms above their bowed foreheads, and shaken with tremors, rocked to and fro in the fading firelight and were dumb.

They were bewailing the fate of their people—a fate that in very many respects is to be deplored. Never again can aught be made of them, for their doom is accomplished. And how? We shall see.

Years ago I sat under the eaves of a grass house which stood upon this sand-dune and looked out upon the reef as I am looking now; the afternoon was waning; the wind, that had for hours been whirling the fine sand in eddies around the corner of the

house, began to fail, and the sea, with all its waves, subsided upon the reef. It was as if the little island world was about to compose itself in sleep; on the contrary, we were but beginning to recover from the inertia induced by the tireless activity of the elements.

On my lap lay the only volume I was able to discover in the vicinity, an ill-used copy of the "Evidences of Christianity." How it came into the possession of Pilikia, my host, I know not, but that he had found it of great service was evident. At least half of the pages had already been disposed of and the remnant—a catacomb of white ants and such other vermin as affect literature in the tropics—was sure to follow in due course.

Pilikia politely offered me this precious volume at an early stage of our acquaintance, for we were quite unable to communicate with one another, he being stone deaf and I as good as dumb in those days. The truth is, I was awaiting the return of Kane Pihi, the man-fish, with whom I proposed to pass a night upon the reef practicing the art which had already distinguished him and had won for him the admiration and the envy of his fellow-craftsmen.

Anon I closed the volume with decision; the evidences were incomplete, and I was impatient for the arrival of the man-fish, who was certainly more interesting than the antiquated specimen of humanity who sat in the corner of the hut, like an idol, and whose blue-black, weather-beaten figure-head looked as if it had been carved out of a walrus' tusk and smoked.

I arose impetuously, shook off my ennui and strolled along the beach. There was a joyous sparkle upon the sea; little windy waves slid up the sloping sands, curled crisply and retired in a white litter of explosive bubbles; diminutive crabs rushed pell-mell before my feet; at intervals I felt the sting of the flying sand, but the heat and the burden of the day were about over and I began to lift up my heart, when in the hollow of the shore, sheltered only by sand ridges, I saw a dark object stretched motionless at full length. Flotsam or jetsam, the prize was mine, and I hastened forward. It was a youth just out of his teens, a slim, sleek creature, unconscious, unclad, sprawled inartistically, absorbing sunshine and apparently steeped to the

toes in it; it was Kane Pihi, the man-fish stark asleep.

Retiring a little distance, I tossed a pebble upon his motionless body; then another and another, and finally a whole handful of them. At last he turned, with a serpentine movement, lifting his head like a lizard, swaying it slowly to and fro and looking listlessly upon the sand and the sea. When he espied me he coiled his limbs under him and was convulsed with riotous laughter.

- I approached him and exhausted my vocabulary in five minutes, but I learned meanwhile that the fellow had been lying there on the hot sand in the blazing sun for a good portion of the day, and that now he was ready to eat. Two things on earth were necessary to the existence of this superior animal—to eat and to sleep; but for pleasure and profit, for life and all that makes it liveable, the man-fish sought the waters under the earth. He was amphibious.

Pilikia—born to trouble, as his name implies, and like all who are never out of it, living to the age of the prophets—Pilikia still sat in his corner when we returned to the

grass house, but upon the appearance of Kane-Pihi, the apple of his eye, the child of his old age, peradventure, his face changed suddenly, as if about to weep. This simulation of tearless agony was his method of showing joy. The range of facial expression had grown limited with him and he now seemed to be gradually assuming the fixed, blank stare of the dead. Pilikia crawled out of his obscurity and we all gathered about a calabash of *poi* in the door of the hut as the sun shot suddenly into the sea.

Kane-Pihi began to awaken as the twilight deepened; his eyes—he had bronze eyes, that were opaque in the sunshine—grew limpid and lustrous; he began to search the wave as if he could pluck from it the heart of its mystery. Perhaps he could; perhaps its color and texture imparted to him secrets unknown to us. Now and again he sang to himself fragments of *meles* that sounded like invocations and added sacredness to an hour exquisitely beautiful and pathetic.

The sea advanced and retreated noiselessly along the shelving sand; each wavelet, unrolling like a scroll, told its separate story and

was withdrawn into the deep. For a moment the shore was glossed where the waters had passed over it, but this varnish immediately grew clouded, like a mirror that has been breathed upon, and then vanished, leaving only a dark shadow in the moist sand. Long, luminous bars lay upon the more distant water, and beyond these the rough edges of the reef, now exposed to the air, were lightly powdered with filmy and prismatic spray. It was dark when we set forth in Kane-Pihi's canoe. Pilikia, who also revived under the beneficent influence of the stars, followed us to the water's edge and even made a feint of aiding us in the launch of our canoe. Our course lay down the coast, within the reef. We might easily have waded throughout the length and breadth of the lagoon but for the shoals of sharp coral and the jagged hills among them, of which I knew nothing, though each coral prong was familiar to the man-fish, it having been his chief end to chart every inch of the lagoon at an early stage in his career.

Oh, heavenly night! We floated upon an element that seemed a denser atmosphere;

this delicious air was like the spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters. We were both silent, for the earth and sea were silent, but now and again we heard a "glug" under our bow, where a bewildered fish had swum into the air by mistake and dived back in dismay.

The mysterious voyage filled me with a kind of awe, such as a surprised soul might feel after sudden death, upon finding itself propelled slowly across the Styx by an almost invisible Charon. In this mood we rounded the lagoon, and lo, the sea radiant with flaming torches and peopled by a race of shadowy fishers—bronzed, naked, statuesque. The superb spectacle inspired Kane-Pihi; with an exclamation of delight he plunged his paddle into the water and a half dozen vigorous strokes brought us where he was at once recognized and received with every demonstration of affection.

In the charmed circle all things were transformed; the earth and the very stars were forgotten; the sea was like wine, ripples of perfume played upon its surface; the torches above it were imaged in the water below,

where the coral glowed resplendently and the bewildered fish darted to their doom in basket-nets or at the point of the glancing spear. The fishers were for the most part dumb as statues; with a thousand exquisite poses they searched the luminous depths for the fleet prey that shone like momentary sunbeams and were as speedily captured and transferred to their canoes. In this graceful art the women, costumed like fabled sea-nymphs, were as skillful as the men, and even when we had drifted in the shallows, and they, descending into the sea, were wandering apart each with a torch in one hand, a net in the other and a sack hanging upon the hip, they were as fearless and as active as the best man among them. But this kind of fishing was mere child's play in the eyes of Kane-Pihi and only the diversion of a night.

Hour after hour the flotilla dazzled upon the tideless lagoon; it was only when the waters seemed to have been robbed of their last vestige of finny life that we separated and soared like meteors into outer darkness. Then I became conscious of fatigue, and throwing myself upon a mat in the corner of

Pilikia's grass house I slept while Kane-Pihi sang into the dawn.

In those days a barren plain, relieved here and there by stretches of salt-marsh land, lay between the fishing grounds and the seaport. It was seldom that Kane-Pihi entered the town. A gentle savage, whose childhood had been passed upon the shore of the least civilized of the islands of the group, his unconventional life had scarcely fitted him for anything so confining as a pavement or a trim garden spot, hedged or fenced about in individual exclusiveness.

He had lounged in the fish market, where his fame had preceded him, but the clamoring crowd soon drove him forth, and when he had sat for an hour in silent contemplation of the street traffic, he strode soberly back to the hut on the sand-dunes and dreamed away the disgust with which such method and industry invariably inspired him.

We sat together one morning looking far off upon the town and far off upon the sea in comfortable idleness. We had hoped for a change in the spirit of our dream and it came presently, for it was observed that a school of

fish was making for the shore. In an instant several canoes were slid into the water and a dozen excited natives went in hot pursuit of the spoil.

Before the day of dynamite deep-sea fishing was an art in which few excelled, but with Kane-Pihi it was a specialty, and when we had weathered the breakers and were out upon the swell beyond the reef, he dropped a handful of bait into the water and watched it as it slowly sank; then he cautiously climbed out of the canoe and with fearless resignation sank after it. It was as if he were braving all the laws of nature—as if he were defying death itself.

Breathlessly I watched him as he sank feet foremost into the depths; I saw his motionless body slowly descending, growing dimmer in outline all the while; I saw the fish circling suspiciously about him, attracted by the bait, which they were greedily devouring, and evidently filled with curiosity as to the nature of the man-fish in their midst, who, like a corpse, was fading in the horrible obscurity of the sea; then, at the moment when it seemed that life must have deserted him, with a sudden

lunge he buried a knife in the body of a huge fish and rose like a water-wraith out of the waves. It was the work of a moment only, but it seemed to me an age since I had seen the sea close over him.

Several times he repeated the act successfully, and it became difficult to see through the blood-stained water, but by moving the canoes cautiously from point to point, we still kept within reach of the shoal and avoided the crimson cloud that marked the scene of Kane-Pihi's recent marine combat. A highly successful catch was the reward of his prowess, and with our canoe well laden, we headed for the shore.

Those who were watching us from the beach must have lost sight of us at intervals as we rose and sank upon the rollers. Sometimes the comber that broke between us and the land looked like a precipitated avalanche of snow, and the mass behind us swelled and burst, darting forward with an impetuosity that threatened the destruction of our frail craft. But into the wilderness of this tumultuous sea it was Kane-Pihi's intention to venture, and through the midst of it lay our

perilous course. With a paddle that was never at rest, we hovered upon the outer edges of the reef, hastening over the brow of a billow before it broke, for it was only upon the bosom of one of these monsters that we could hope for safety, and *the* one had not yet arrived. Like a bird's pinion, the paddle held us poised—suspended in mid-air, I had almost written—until, with an impulse which was an inspiration, Kane-Pihi plowed the sea with swift, impetuous strokes. I felt the canoe leap forward before a wave that seemed rising to overwhelm us; we rose with it, on the inner slope of it, just out of reach of the torrent of foam that hissed and roared behind us. How we sped onward in that mad chase! The very canoe seemed instilled with life; nervous tremors seized it; it was almost as if some invisible power were about to sweep it from under us; so fast it fled over the oily slope of the huge wave, at the top of which tumbled a world of foam—and thus, with hardly so much as a stroke of the paddle, after we were well settled on the down grade, we sprang like a flying-fish into the tranquil waters of the lagoon and then

turned to one another with a half-gasp, as if we had been delivered from sudden death.

This was the life of the man-fish; if he had been upset in the breakers he would have come to shore none the worse for it, but my blood would have stained the reef for a moment and my bones found coral sepulture.

Thus he played with the elements—having not so much vanity as a child, nor so much wisdom either, though he was weather wise, knew all about the moods of the wind and waves, could do everything but shape them—and there I left him to sleep away the hot hours in the hot sun and sand; to eat when he listed and wait upon the turning of the tides, or the advent of those fishy episodes that were events in his life; a perfectly constituted creature, whose highest ambition he could himself satisfy at almost any moment; who, I venture to affirm, never did harm to any one, and who unquestionably was, in his line, a complete and unqualified success—in brief, a perfect human animal, who was doing in his own way and in his own good time what he could towards destroying the last vestiges of the “Evidences of Christianity.”

In revisiting an inconsiderable community nothing is more natural than for one to pick up the threads where they were dropped and then seek to work out the story of the lives of those with whom he has been associated in former years, and in this wise I was busy enough for some weeks upon my return to Honolulu.

I soon began to familiarize myself with all that had transpired in the intervening decade, and was making lazy pilgrimages to various points of interest, when it occurred to me that the prison was still unvisited.

In the delectable kingdom of which I write the law-breakers in former times were condemned to a period of servitude upon the reef. There, at low water, they hewed out the coral blocks, of which many of the early buildings were constructed, and to this day a convict is spoken of as being "on the reef," although coral has given place to brick and stone and timber, and the reef is comparatively deserted.

At once, or as nearly on the instant as one ever gets in an easy-going land, I made application at the gate of the neatest, coziest,

cleanest and most cheerful House of Correction in the world. In form and color only is it outwardly severe, and even this is the kind of severity affected by those suburban residents who build angular, gray monuments of masonry and inhabit them in an uncomfortably mediæval frame of mind. It stands upon a coral ridge and is almost surrounded by fish-ponds, mud-flats and salt-marshes. It is approached by a well-kept, but unsheltered, coral-dusted drive, that glares in the sunshine and moonlight as if to magnify the shadow of him who is being led away captive, or to cast a glory about the feet of the one who is set free. I knocked with a knocker surrounded by a British lion in bronze, the gate was immediately opened by a native guard in a dark uniform, who, like all natives in dark uniforms, looked exceedingly stuffy and uncomfortable. I asked leave to enter. He seemed to think I had done him a favor and honor in calling, upon such a very warm day, and at once waved me gracefully across a court that was as trim and complete as a modern stage setting for an act in a society drama. There was, I confess, a superfluity

of very neat stonework in wall and pavement, but there were flower plots quite like stage flower plots and a moderate perspective, which seemed heightened by exaggerated foreshortening, all of which was at once quite evident to the naked eye.

Other guards, perched in picturesque nooks and corners, smiled a welcome as I advanced. The original stuffed one, who had backed mechanically into his little sentry-box out of the sun, was also smiling, and smiling very broadly for a man on serious duty.

Might I come in and inspect the prison? Assuredly. Would I only be good enough to look at everything, see everybody, go everywhere and then graciously inscribe my name in the finest of visitors' books, with the very whitest of paper and a very brave array of signatures? I went in and out, up and down, over and across and back again. The valley of Rasselas could not have been more peaceful than was the inner court of that island jail, with its spreading kamani tree in the midst thereof. The keeper apologized for the smallness of his family at the moment; he begged to assure me that there were more

than I found present; that the house was always full; those whom I saw were the lame, the halt and the blind; the able-bodied were all out at work on the road, clad in garments of two colors—half and half—like a chorus in *Boccaccio*, at the expense of the Government.

If those of the infirmary, sunning themselves in the court, were so merry, what must be the state of the able-bodied, thought I. I had seen detachments of them at their work—work which they evidently did not take to heart, but, on the contrary, regarded in the light of a somewhat tedious joke.

While I was absorbed in the legends of the local museum, illustrated with celebrated shackles, bits of hangman's rope, blood-stained implements of destruction and a whole rogue's gallery of interesting criminals, there was a sound of revelry, and lo! the prisoners who had had their outing were returning joyously to this haven of rest, and some of them without a keeper. Chief among the Ishmaelitish crew was one who wore his prison garb jauntily, who betrayed a tendency to good-natured bravado and who kept his fellows in a roar. The Warden presently claimed my attention

and told me something of the prisoner's history. He had been reared among primitive people; was superstitious, ingenious, confident; knew little or nothing of foreign ways and manners and cared little to hear of them. The simplicity of his life assured his perpetual happiness, but of course there was no hope of his development—he must forever remain contented with his lot and perish like the beast of the field, if nature were to take her course; but nature was not permitted to take her course—she seldom, or never, is nowadays.

An itinerant evangelist arrived in Honolulu and began his work. The Hawaiian is nothing if not emotional. You may rouse him to the pitch of frenzy, and he will subside without having achieved anything more than a thrill; but the thrill is very much to him and is worth striving for. The natives became as wax in the presence of this magnetic exhorter. Prayer meetings were held night and day. There was a corner in new Testaments and hymn-books. Prophets—whether true or false you will decide for yourselves—arose in numbers, and the Scriptures were very freely

interpreted. Yet, if out of the mouths of babes and sucklings cometh forth wisdom, it may be that these dark ones were wiser in that day than the children of light. Natives were gathering from far and near, attracted by the rumors which surcharged the atmosphere and by the "messenger of the lord," who ran to and fro gathering the lost sheep into the fold of Kaumakapili. This youth who, while we discussed him, was regaling the prisoners in the courtyard with a *hula-hula*, was finally seduced into the town and ultimately into the fold.

Kamakapili, whatever may be said of its evasive order of architecture, has a reputation established beyond question, and the evening meetings held in that trysting-place are ever popular with the young. Hither came this child of nature, and here, listening to the experiences most eloquently detailed of those who had turned from the error of their ways and found salvation under the eaves of Kaumakapili, he in his turn repented—of what it is not easy to conjecture—and was baptized.

It is my belief that the native modesty of the Hawaiian, and of all unclad races, is

extinguished the moment they are slipped under cover. They put on vice as a garment and with knowledge comes the desire for evil; so when Kane-Pihi got into foreign clothing he straightway began to backslide. He picked up bits of English, grew sharp at a bargain, learned to lie a little when necessary, and to cheat now and again. He took that which was not his, not because he meant to defraud the owner of it, but because he needed it himself, and finding it in his way laid hands on it. This he used to do before he knew it was a sin, and in those days he expected you to take of his possessions in like manner according to your need, but now there was a new pleasure in doing it—the excitement of secrecy added an interest to the act which he had never until this hour known. God pity him! Many and various experiences sharpened the convert's wits, and he became one of the cleverest boys in town—one on whom its mild-eyed constabulary bent loving glances; but his career was shortened, for having shattered one of the commandments—the only one of the ten whose number shall be nameless—he was arrested, tried, convicted, and

was now serving out his time with charming abandon. His story touched me, though it was not without parallel in the kingdom. There, indeed, it is an oft-told tale.

We descended into the courtyard, where the young rascal was beguiling his fellows, and I saw (I had suspected it) that he was none other than my young friend of yore completely transformed by civilization—in other words, Kane-Pihi, the man-fish, out of his element. We had a few moments' conversation; these few were sufficient to convince me that his case was hopeless. He could never again return to the life which he was born to and in which it seemed that he could do no guile, for those with whom he was associated were as guileless as he, and they were alike subject to no temptations and no snares; but he must now go on to the bitter end, for he had eaten of the tree of knowledge and fallen in its shade.

As for the ancient Pilikia, it was *pau pilikia* with him; his troubles were over. When he saw the fate of his idol and that no pleading and no incantation could bring the lad to his right mind, the old man turned his face to

the wall and gave up the ghost; he tasted death and found it sweeter than the new which had defrauded him of his own. The boy spoke of it as a matter of course; all who live must die, and, Heaven knows, as the boy implied, he had lived long enough, and with this he returned to the dance.

The chains of the jail birds rang gayly over the battlements as I bade farewell to the keeper and the kept. Among the latter are several of the graduates of Lahainaluna, the Protestant Theological Seminary of the kingdom. The little sentinel showed me out, full of pride and good cheer and swelling bravely in his stuffed jacket, and the key clanked musically in the big lock as I set my face toward town. It is said that this prison is the despair of the rising generation; that those who are turned from it pine until they once more enjoy its inexpensive hospitality and that the merriest and the mildest people in the world are prisoners.

Courage, my children! If you can only be naughty enough you, too, in the course of time, shall inherit the penitentiary.

Again I look upon the reef, but now from

a hillslope skirted by a belt of perennial verdure; between us a vein of water, the pulse of the sea, throbs languidly. The reef, an amber shoal, seems to rise and flow twice in the four and twenty hours—as the tide falls—and to slowly subside meanwhile, until much of it is submerged, but there is always a visible strip of rank green grass, and upon it is perched a cluster of low whitewashed hovels just above highwater mark—the whited sepulchers of the lazaretto.

It is possible to drive through the shallows that ripple between the reef and the mainland when the tide is out. Indeed, one may wade through it then without much difficulty, but the lazaretto is zealously guarded when pestilence has filled it with tenants, and it is rare indeed that any one succeeds in escaping from this desolate, wind-swept strand. They are pretty enough when seen from shore, these small white hovels, and especially so when, looking from a distant hilltop, one sees the sun launch from a rent cloud his golden bolts upon them, or a rainbow precipitates its curved torrent in their midst, flooding them with prismatic splendor. The reef, or rather

that part of the reef, for it is all one, though a ship may pass through the clefts in it at long intervals, seems like a phantom island to most of us, for there are times when it has well-nigh disappeared and when even the little huts are almost obscured by dark cloud-shadows, and then again it shines in glory and the silver surf beyond it leaps against a wall of saphyre, and the sands glisten like refined gold.

It was during my third visit to the Hawaiian capital when, having looked off upon the reef night and morning, and at midday and moonlight, from a serene height, I grew to know it as a theme capable of infinite variation; a kind of poem to which every day, at almost every hour, added a new stanza; a picture that was always complete, though never finished.

About this time it was publicly announced that a great *luau* would be given at the lazaretto, the occasion being the anniversary of the staying of the plague. Now there is no absolute necessity for the introduction of smallpox into the Hawaiian kingdom, for among the natives the measles are sufficiently

destructive; but the smallpox has appeared and desolated the people more than once. In such cases it is hard to segregate the victims, for love is stronger than death, and too often the seeds of death are nourished in the bosom of love. But a year or more before my third visit, by persistent energy the authorities gathered some hundreds of natives, and not a few foreigners, upon the reef, and of these no small proportion perished, and the natives were interred in the sand. I think of that sad season when I look upon the reef of an evening and behold the watch-fires of the quarantine twinkling across the sea, and when, by daylight, the sequestered coolies swarm like ants upon the sand, yearning, no doubt, as souls in purgatory, for the heavenly hills which we inhabit.

In common with the masses, I crossed the ford on the day appointed and joined them at the *luau* on the reef. A temporary *lanai*, or marquee, had been erected for the feast, which is the foundation of a *luau*. Musicians were there and *hula* dancers, for without these no *luau* is worthy of the name.

There was eating, overmuch of it, and tem-

perate drinking and music almost incessantly. Many of the songs were composed for the occasion. The improvisatori were chanting the requiems for the dead, the eulogies to the living and in each case stirring the hearts of the listeners to pathetic raptures.

Long *meles* in praise of those who imperiled their lives for the sake of the suffering ones were droned to the dolorous accompaniment of mourners vociferously wailing among the tombs. It was when the foreign element, drawn thither by curiosity, had returned to town, when the sun had sunk into the golden flood and the rich twilight was melting into darkness, that the natives began to abandon themselves to those rites which we call heathen, and which, though forbidden by Christian law and to some extent obsolete, still sway them irresistibly in their more emotional moods. It was the *hula-hula* that alone satisfied them, and rhythmical refrains from a mythology that defies translation, and mysterious invocations to the unforgotten gods. Call it orgy if you will, there was in it an expression of feeling, momentary it may be, but nevertheless profound, and a display

of emotion that was contagious. The ecstasies of the dancers mingled strangely with the agonies of the bereaved, and when the music and dancing had finally ceased and the sea seemed to have parted to let the multitude pass dry shod to the shore, there were those who lingered yet among the lonely graves, their foreheads prone upon the sand, their hearts broken and their throats hoarse with the howl of despair. Among these were some who came to weep for one who had passed too rapidly from the simplicity of the savage to the duplicity of civilized man. I had known him in his prime and in his degeneracy, and now I knew that somewhere among the bleaching, seawashed sands lay the bones of Kane-Pihi, who early fell a victim to the scourge.

Nothing was more natural than that he should absorb the seeds of disease, for caution is unknown of his race and he would not be likely to desert a comrade in affliction. He took the smallpox with avidity and never for a moment, so I am credibly informed, thought of letting it go again. Fatalism was the foundation of his faith and not all the Scriptures

in Christendom could rob him of one jot or tittle of it. He could enjoy the religious diversions at Kaumakapili, and distinguish himself in the afterglow of the periodical revival; he could abandon his birthright of health, happiness and wholesome liberty for the shams which were offered him in their stead; he could play fast and loose, false and true with the best of them, for this art is easily acquired by the ingenious, and once acquired is never again forgotten or neglected; but he could not survive the great change—the change of heart, the change of dirt and of air and water and all the elements, and he went to his death like a bird in a snare without so much as a hope of rescue. It chanced to be the smallpox that finished him; had it not been this doubtless it would shortly have been something else as unpremeditated. The *luau*—the first,—was perhaps not entirely appropriate, it is true; it may never recur on that lonely slip of sand, and if it should the bones of the dead will have been ground to powder in the pitiless mills of the sea; yet it cannot be said of him that he perished unwept, unhonored and unsung, and here is some

satisfaction in that. It was only the smallpox, but it was enough; I don't note the fact as being one of the evidences of Christianity as applied to the Hawaiian race, though for the most part Puritanism touches them like frost. The epidemic nearly precipitated the inevitable climax. One has only to glance at a comparative table of the census during the last three score years, or to take the dimensions of the numerous and now almost vacant Protestant churches scattered through the length and the breadth of the land to draw a conclusion by no means flattering to any Board of Missions. Having spied the gentlest of savages out of the lonely sea for the purpose of teaching them how to die, the American Missionary calmly folds his hands over the grave of the nation and turns his attention to affairs more private and peculiar. . . .

XXX

PLANTATION DAYS.

TO sail over placid seas in sight of my summer islands; to lie off and on before the mouths of valleys that I have loved, where, in my youth, I have been in ecstasy; but never again to set foot on shore, or to know whether it be reality or a dream—this is the dance my imagination leads me; this is the prelude to many an unrecorded souvenir.

Why did I ever leave a land so paradisaical? It grew too hot for me down in the tropics; everything I cared for withered, and all the juices within me simmered away; so in a moment of temporary sanity, I fled. But my heart, the vagabond, returns again to the green pastures of its youth, which reminds me: It was not yet day when the inter-island steamer from Honolulu, bound to the most windward of the Hawaiian Islands, came to anchor at Makena, a port that looks very

much as if a bite had been taken out of a not very appetizing sea-coast; but it is a port not to be despised in rough weather, for here the wind is tempered, and the sea during the prevalence of the strong trade winds is far quieter than at Malaaea, a few miles over the stern rail.

Here at Makena, under a fringe of the forlornest palms conceivable, I debarked. Being an expected guest, I found a saddle-horse awaiting me in charge of an amiable guide, and without delay we began the ascent of Haleakala, the gigantic extinct crater, the largest in the world, beyond which the sun is hidden for two hours after he has begun his course. That is why the poetical aborigines have called the crater, Haleakala,—the house of the sun,—as if he rose literally from it, or out of it.

With a cluck and a light touch of the spur, we dashed forward. Three rather dreary miles stretched between us and the haven of hospitality at Rose Ranch, two thousand feet above, and the day broke gloriously as we toiled up the slope through a wilderness of colossal cacti. Need I add, that the dust rose

long before the sun did, while our animal spirits and our not very spirited animals flagged beautifully in concert.

Courage! There was the most restfullest kind of rest and the most refreshing refreshment ahead of us. The top end of the trail launched one into a deliciously cool atmosphere,—a lung bath full of healing,—and from that semi-sublime elevation one looked back upon the earth and the sea in the superior mood that usually succeeds any difficulty well surmounted.

Sparkling with the dew of the morning, Ulupalakua emerged as if by enchantment from a sea of clouds. Ulupalakua,—Ripe breadfruit for the gods,—was not thy mellifluously flowing, polytheistical; pictorial—not to say spectacular,—denomination as goodly a morsel upon the tongue as “Rose Ranch?” Bread-fruits were there in the old days, rare-ripe for the gods, and no doubt they were as acceptable as the roses that came in with the Christians, and the mosquitoes and all the other vermin to which civilization is the undisputed heir.

It was a ripe, bread-fruity, and god-like

morning when) I first beheld Ulupalakua emerging from her maze of clouds. What clouds they were! Sometimes they overshadowed her like a great downy wing; sometimes, but not often, they took possession of her, and her high hanging garden was drenched with fog. But her air is always of the purest, her mists of the whitest description, and her bowers breathe a delicate odor, the fragrance of which varies according to the floral calendar of the year.

The hearty and homelike welcome at the gate was followed by a substantial breakfast, as soon as I had been given time to shake off the dust of travel; and then by easy stages was I suffered to drift on from one tranquil delight to another; those delights, somehow, growing more and more tranquil, but none the less delightful as they multiplied.

I write of Halcyonian Hawaii, of the days that are no more, and have not been for a very long time. In my mind's eye is a vision typical of the period, one peculiar to the western slope of Haleakala, even in those days of royal hospitality; one never again to be known in that degenerated kingdom. This is what I see:

The long table in the long, long dining hall, stretched to its utmost and filled with naval guests. The host who through the somewhat formal dinner has wielded the carver with unruffled composure, albeit a very magnificent Admiral is enthroned on his right hand—the host is heartily commended when the viands are removed, and the cloth displayed in all its original purity. It is the Admiral who calls attention to his host's skill; of course the Admiral's suite echoes the Admiral, and the applause which has become general heightens the color in the cheek of the carver.

I believe we have no guest on this occasion less distinguished than the companions of the wardroom, but the never to be forgotten mid-dies have a brief outing and a banquet somewhat later in the week.

Now the Admiral, being both on shore and on very good terms with himself, wishes to stake his ship—at anchor in the harbor of Makena just under the mountain—that the Captain-host at Ulupalakua is qualified to carve a peacock at a Roman feast; in fact, to carve a peacock among magnificent signors—

here the Admiral's forefinger tapped lightly upon the Admiral's brow—such as had “their pheasants drenched with ambergris; and the carcasses of three fat wethers bruised for gravy to make sauce for a single peacock!”

A responsive chorus of approval from the guests at table, a double broadside as it were, follows this gallant speech, with its fine, old-school quotation.

It is now the Captain's turn, and with the smile that flatters its author and lends him the air of one peering from giddy heights, he replies complacently enough:—

“Gentlemen, the birds you have just eaten—were peacocks!”

By this time, wine and cigars being in order, the whole company turns with enthusiasm upon the host, and for awhile the conversation takes on a pronounced peacock tinge.

“By the bye,” says the Admiral, with a drawl and an eyeglass that silence every tongue,—“I believe I have never seen a peacock with his tail spread, unless he were on a screen, or upon the title page of a polka!” If this is a surprising concession on the part

of a naval dignitary, it is likewise a reproof for the bird.

"We have musters of them here," adds the Captain, still reveling in his smile; "pray satisfy yourself that the tail is not a fable."

With this he leads the way to a long row of *mauka*-windows, and there upon the up-sloping lawn—for *mauka*, in soft Hawaiian, means toward the mountain—there a score of the foolish fowls are strutting in the pomp of their splendid plumage. It is as if the Great Mogul had sent an embassy to treat with us; or, as if an Arabian night had suddenly turned into day. Huge feathery disks are shimmering in the sun, now near its setting: the silken rustle of agitated plumage, the indignant rivalry, the amazing pomposity, the arrogance and conceit of the silly birds, whose bosoms are aglow with phosphorescent beauty, draw shouts of admiration and astonishment from the bewildered guests. Is it a sun-burst, or a feast of fuss and feathers? The clashing of the imperious rivals begins to be alarming. Heaven knows what might have happened but for the timely appearance of a pet dog upon the scene, when, with a shriek

of dismay, the whole muster takes wing, filling the air with discordant cries.

As I recall this Ulupalakua of that period, it seems to me that everything pertaining to plantation life was done upon an impressive scale. At the time I write of, the ladies of the family, numbering a half-dozen or more, were at the roomy town house in Honolulu, or at the Coast—as California is familiarly styled. The Captain had left the capital to escort the Admiral to Makena and do the honors of the plantation, while the flagship lay in port.

Ulupalakua hospitality began as soon as a foot was set on shore. There were “cattle” enough at command to horse a company of cavalry, and to stay the stomachs of a British regiment with the traditional roast. The slaughter under axe and saddle was bloody—for Jack Tar is a merciless rider and has a salt air appetite—yet the flocks and herds seemed never to decrease upon the hills.

The homestead was open wide at all times and seasons. It was a one-storied, rambling mother-house, with many wings and angles; about it were clustered numerous cottages of

various dimensions—such cozy cottages as bachelors delight in—each quite independent of the others, and having a leafy screen and an atmosphere of its own. At night every chamber of every house was lighted, so that the bounteous garden in the midst of the settlement was suffused with the glow of good cheer.

On a plateau above the garden was the billiard-hall, and some little distance beyond it,—though not so far away but in the still afternoon a muffled peal on peal was faintly audible even in the select silence of the private chapel—stretched the long bowling alley. Between billiards and bowls lay the elysian fields, a tennis court of velvety perfection.

Probably business preceded pleasure, even at Ulupalakua, but it took precedence with such modest grace that the latter seemed the more honored. Everywhere one saw evidences of practical activity, for method was the Captain's mania; but over all, especially in guest-time, pleasure played like a smile. Cartwheels groaned to the music of ballad singing drivers; and the steam whistle down at the sugar mill was hardly more pronounced than the matutinal crash of ten-pins.

I can see them now, the blue jackets off duty, improving the shining hours with an earnestness that might put a bee to the blush; for between the side-board and the *siesta*, time flew with the speed of a six-winged seraph.

The ladies were indeed absent on the auspicious occasion above referred to, and it were folly to say that they were not regretted; but in this picturesque period a household like the one under consideration seemed almost to take care of itself. Ulupalakua was originally the best exemplification of the patriarchal system in the whole kingdom; a system that came in with the American Missionaries, and has now become one of the fond traditions of Island life. From the veriest child that was destined to grow up and probably end his days on the plantation, to the old fellow who passed his declining years upon the lawn, with a low camp-stool and a pair of scissors, clipping the grass blades as they grew from day to day, and his antiquated wife whose sole duty was to shoot the peacocks at intervals, the various member of the community looked upon the Captain's word as absolute. The

innumerable plantation hands were like members of one family; you could have ordered almost anyone within sight to do your bidding, and it was done as a matter of course.

The fourth of July was the great holiday of the year, for the spirit of liberty is catching. As the Captain was a staunch American, the stars and stripes floated from the flag-staffs before the homestead and the plantation office, and from the peaks of a private packet that plied between the ports of Makena and Honolulu. She was a trim schooner yacht that was in no wise afraid to try her speed with the old inter-island steamer, the *Kilauea* in any sort of weather, save only a dead calm. But let me not cast a reproach upon the memory of the *Kilauea*; she is said to have whetted her keel upon every reef in those treacherous waters; and when, after long years of faithful service, she was condemned, it required the aid of powder to dismember her; yet if the prayers of the wicked—the uncomfortable passengers—could avail aught, she would probably have gone to the bottom at a much earlier period in her career.

O happy past! What a blessing it is that pleasant memories are immortal!

When the young ladies were at the homestead, and the guest chambers unoccupied—it sometimes so happened even at Ulupalakua—there came a cry from the garden, a pitiful and despairing cry—"Oh, sister, do you see a dust?" Then the sister, two or three of her, probably, responded from the housetop "No!" Or perhaps the marine glass was turned upon the far distant horizon seeking for a sail—"No sail from day to day." Only once a week was there hope of the mail gladdening us; as news from the outer world in that dim age came at such uncertain intervals, that all business was suspended when it did arrive, until the thrice welcome letters were read and re-read, and reluctantly laid away for innumerable re-readings.

When the sisters came down from the housetop, having abandoned the seas in despair, the piano was played more wildly; the balls shot madly from their spheres in the billiard hall; while the court grew positively perilous: sometimes, in desperation, the *ennuiees* dashed over the hills at break-neck speed on the backs of broncos that were but half broken.

Yet the Navy was not so shy of us in those

days: there was nearly always a glimmer of brass buttons in the tableaux of social life. Ah, me! Many a youthful mariner, beautiful in broadcloth, gorgeous in gold lace, and surcharged with those graceful accomplishments that are forever associated with the aspiring off-shoots of Annapolis, found his way as if by instinct into the rose-garden of Ulupalakua; the shadows of the kamani avenue were known to him, and in its kukui grove, under the lee of Puumahoe, he has left his heart firmly imbedded in the impressionable bark of some love-nourishing tree. If he has not, it is because he was not up to the high-water mark of the Navy.

When the social resources of the place were exhausted, and not till then, was the Admiral of the peacock's episode permitted to honorably withdraw from the siege of Ulupalakua. Meanwhile Jack-tar had been relishing his barbacued beef down at Makena-by-the-sea, and had not had half a bad time, though the port is undoubtedly a dull one between meals.

The sun had set nightly with great *eclat*—a sunset was one of the features of our enter-

tainment. The magnolias had filled their alabaster bowls with moonlight of the first quality—moonlight that ran over and flooded the whole Island. Hawaiian singers had sung themselves hoarse under the verandas o' nights. The clouds had come down—they had not far to come—and put a damper on the season of festivity. It was evidently about time for the Admiral to steam back to the capital, if he would escape a threatening gale, and that he did one morning, taking his host along with him as a souvenir of his very jolly experience.

Then followed a season of reaction and convalescence, during which I was quite alone in my glory the greater part of the day. Transient guests, making the tour of the island, dropped in upon us and dropped out again without causing so much as a ripple on the peaceful surface of life's stream. The latchstring hung within the reach of every one, and I regret to add, even in the halcyonian age this gracious hospitality was sometimes abused.

As for myself, a favored guest at all times, I had books without number—many of them

choice ones, such as one even nowadays may occasionally stumble upon among the private libraries scattered throughout the kingdom.

Then there was the piano in the parlor, a choice one; another in the school-room, where one could indulge his taste for melodious calisthenics; an organ in the chapel, and a collection of portable instruments scattered about the place. There were romantic trails to be tracked only in the saddle—on saddle horses and saddles of every possible description. There was pigeon-shooting in the cavern, half way down the mountain slope—but the birds were much too tame for sport, and we seldom fluttered them.

A cattle drive was one of the more exciting pastimes, and in this all joined with enthusiasm—even the ladies sometimes amazoned our party. If you desire, Oh reader! to witch the world with noble horsemanship, let me see how you manage a mustang during a stampede in those vast orchards of prickly-pear, and I will answer for your chances in the game of witchery.

Wild cattle stand not upon the order of their going, and they are as nimble though

not as light-footed as goats when they once get started for the jungle, where they vanish in a cloud of dust. Though the cactus is like a rack full of reversed pin-cushions—never was there a more formidable *cheval defrise*—yet the cattle plunge among them with fearless abandon and even munch barbed thorns with amazing relish.

Ah, me! but my season of solitude was a rare delight, and the frequent *divertisement* a never-failing source of refreshment. From books, moused out of a deep, dark closet, where they had been stored and long since forgotten,—old books, with freckled pages and a faint musty door that I found positively intoxicating,—to the bowling alley, was the giddy flight I took when so disposed.

It was a unique game of ten-pins I was wont to play in those days. Small natives swarmed like bees whenever I went abroad; you see I was the one *haoli*—or foreigner—who had unlimited leisure, and they knew not at what moment it might suit my fancy to embark upon some erratic expedition such as they delighted in. At a moment's notice I could command a troop of horses worthy of

an outlaw chief. If I retired to the billiard hall to amuse myself with the light and airy cue, the windows and doors commanding the four sides of the table were certain to be darkened with a cloud of witnesses—but I am forgetting the ten-pins.

There was a small kanaka for every pin, and one for each ball; these in some mysterious way hung upon the wall at the far and fatal end of the bowling alley, at the imminent peril of life and limb. Whenever I made a ten strike, which I positively did occasionally, it was invariably received with a deafening round of cheers—not omitting the “tiger”: but still I was not happy, for I always feared to find the alley, after the atmosphere had cleared a little, strewn with Hawaiian slain.

Many and various changes have taken place since my first visit to Ulupalakua. Then the summer breezes sighed in the white plumed cane fields as the busy ox carts were laboring up and down the winding road from dawn to dusk. There was a whole village—full of plantation hands—a kind of happy family village, peopled with mixed races whose nationalities ranged from Japan almost to the Antarctic, and lapped clean around the world.

Cane-planting was the Captain's business, but tree planting was his pleasure. I know not how many thousand saplings were rooted under his very eyes—many of them he set out with his own hands. There were acres and acres of choice cuttings; they crowned the hill-tops and filled the beds of valleys not otherwise engaged. He watched their growth with ceaseless and loving care. We used to ride among the shrubs when they were scarcely up to our stirrups, and he would talk of his plans for the future; not those plans that had to do with the sugar market, or were in any way material or sordid, but only such as fed his fancy and aided him to picture the magnificent estate that was his delightful hobby as it would appear in after years.

In his mind's eye he saw a tropical garden in the midst of Alpine groves, upon a plateau possessing singular climatic advantages, and commanding breadths of earth, sea, and sky—a panorama of marvelous variety and beauty. Comparative isolation was in this instance a blessing. Had it been advisable, the Captain could at any moment block his highways with sharp-shooters, read the

Declaration of Independence, and look down serenely upon the little kingdom that swam and sweltered below him. His people were loyal to a man and this spirit of loyalty was easily warmed to enthusiasm; sentiment is one of the prominent characteristics of the Hawaiian race and there is something in the soft atmosphere of these favored islands,—the melting humidity, the permeating fragrance, the sensuous warmth, and the surprising beauty bursting at intervals upon the enraptured vision, that nourishes the voluptuous element in our nature, and encourages an easy inclination to sentimentality.

There were natives in the Captain's employ whose parents were born on the premises, and whose children are likely to pass their lives there. Though the Hawaiian has acquired a taste for travel, he is passionately attached to his native heath, and formerly he was easily content to dwell at home and let the world go by. At Ulupalakua there was a venerable coolie—the tyrant of the kitchen, but fondly indulgent when the little ones appeared—who had served the Captain's family faithfully for thirty years; when his master died he

redoubled his devotion to his mistress; but when her body also was borne to the family mausoleum on the hill overhanging the sea, he threw himself upon his cot and never again left it alive.

These are traditions of past; one does but dream of them nowadays. The modern servant is a hireling a mercenary fellow with an eye single to his sole advantages. Moreover the entertainer's wits are sharpened, his heart is hardened, and doubtless for good and sufficient reasons. Often he was imposed upon in the old days when the veriest stranger was welcomed with a cordiality worthy of an angelic guest. Now there are public lodgings to be obtained for hire on most of the thoroughfares, and the calculating Caucasians ready to serve one with the best the provincial market affords, at a price just within the bounds of reason.

Rose Ranch has ever been a paradise in the imaginations of those who were beginning to succumb under the monotonous high temperature of the lowlands. They dream of nights in which woolen blankets, and several of them, are indispensable to comfort; and of

evenings when, at some seasons of the year, a blazing hearth is the chief attraction of the place; they think of days that dawn in another zone, as it were, where temperate fruits are ruddying and ripening; yet from under the shadow of those olive boughs the eye of contemplation kindles at the vision of glowing sands, by glittering silver sea, where palm groves nod and quiver in the heat—and then they weep with longing.

The startling notes of unfamiliar birds are heard there at intervals, for the forests are haunted by the shy progeny of the imported songsters who are for the most part too homesick to sing. Once in a while a paroquet flutters in the edge of the garden, but the green solitudes farther up the heights afford superior attractions. Even the mynah, that feathered bohemian of the far East, finds the groves of Honolulu a fitter field for his gipsyism, and Ulupalakua resounds to the trumpet blast of the peacock; but for these highly decorative birds, that troop in hundreds over the abundant acres, the quiet of the Rose Ranch of today would take on a somber tinge; for the sound of the grinding is low, and the herds

that abound there, if they have not a thousand hills to feed upon, have yet ample room in which to wander and browse, and they are for the most part out of sight and sound.

The bowling alley long since was blown down in a gale, and its forgotten *debris* lies buried under moss and creepers, awaiting the enterprising pick of some future archæologist. Tennis survives, and is likely to be perpetuated; a game in which feminine grace and masculine agility are striving for victory, while the looker-on has only to approve with equal fervor and discrimination, is sure of honorable mention while youth and beauty disport upon the lawn.

Prospect Hill, which was a nursery when the Captain and I used to climb it, is now a wood worthy to be called umbrageous; while the row of solemn cypresses, the funereal urns and the sad paths that surround the mausoleum, forcibly remind one of the terraces in a Florentine villa.

Yet this is not a melancholy spot, even for those who remember the gayeties of the past; and if I dwell more upon the soft cadence of the evening breeze the caress of drooping

boughs, and the silent showers of rose petals in the unvisited arbor, than upon the jollity of the season, it is because these are characteristic of Ulupalakua in repose, a repose singularly grateful to a disquieted soul. And these charms will lead one ever to think of the place and to speak of it very much in the spirit of Peter Martyr, who thus wrote long ago of the queen's garden in the Antilles:—
“Never was any noisome animal found there, nor yet any ravaging four-footed beast, nor lion, nor bear, nor fierce tigers, nor crafty foxes, nor devouring wolves, but all things blessed and fortunate.” . . .

XXXI

THE DRAMA IN DREAM-LAND.

IT is from the seaward window of the United States Legation in Honolulu that I have of late cast a pathetic eye. The "tear of sympathy" may not flow as freely in recent literature as was its custom in the age of more reverent readers and writers; but there is something in the forlorn beauty of the wilderness over against the Legation that conjures the obsolete globule above referred to, and I shed it fearlessly and not without reason.

Upon the diagonal corner of the street stands the new hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, smelling of bricks and mortar; over the way is a tenement where plain board and lodging entice the stranger under a disguise of fresh paint;—these are both innovations necessary, no doubt, to the requirements of a progressive age; but the occasion of my present solicitude is a vacant

corner lot, trimly fenced, wherein two rows of once stately palms now struggle with decay and the unpruned parasites that fatten on it.

It is a weird garden, where Flora and Thespis once held friendly rivalry. What a jumble of botanical *debris* and histrionic rubbish now litters the arena flanked by forlorn palms! Out of it all I doubt if the sentimental scavenger would be able to pick any relic more substantial than the airy dagger of Macbeth; but upon points so slight as this hang imperishable memories; hence follow these reminiscences of the late Royal Hawaiian Theater.

Well nigh a score of years ago I was lounging at Whitney's bookstore in Honolulu; it was at that time a kind of Hawaiian Forum, with a postoffice on one side of the room and a semaphore on the roof. Dull work in those days, waiting for the gaunt arms of the semaphore to swing about, uttering cabalistical prophecies—"No sail from day to day." No steamers then to stain the brilliant sky with trailing smoke; the mail-days depended entirely upon the state of the wind and the tide.

I was weary of fumbling the shop-worn

books, of listening or trying not to listen to the roar of the rollers on the reef; woefully weary of the tepid monotony that offered not even an excuse for irritation.

Upon this mood entered a slender but well-proportioned gentleman, clad in white linen raiment, spotless and well starched; there was something about him which would have caused the most casual observer to give him a second glance—a mannerism and an air that distinguished him. A professional, probably, thought I; an eccentric, undoubtedly. I was not surprised when, upon the entrance of a common friend a few moments later, I was made acquainted with Mr. Proteus, proprietor and manager of the Royal Hawaiian Theater, likewise government botanist and professor of many branches of art both sacred and profane. Mr. Proteus bowed somewhat in the manner of a French dancing-master, and shuddered slightly upon being shaken by the hand; at a latter date he requested me never to repeat a formality which he could not but consider quite unnecessary in general and in most cases highly objectionable.

After having cautiously exchanged a few

languid commonplaces, Mr. Proteus invited me to visit his Temple of the Muses. Nothing could have pleased me better. I regarded him as a godsend, and we at once repaired to the theater, threading the blazing streets together under a huge umbrella of dazzling whiteness, held jauntily by my new-found friend.

I like theaters; I dote on dingy tinsel and stucco which in a flash of light is transformed into brilliant beauty; and the odor, the unmistakable odor, of stale foot-lights and thick coats of distemper; the suggestive confusion of flats and wings and flies; the picturesque bric-a-brac of the property-room; the trap-doors, the slides, the grooves, the stuffy dressing-rooms, and the stray play-bills pasted here and there in memory of gala-nights in the past. Of all the theaters that I have known, this was the most theatrical, because the most unreal; it was like a make-believe theater, wherein everything was done for the fun of it; a kind of child's toy theater grown up, and full of grown-up players, who, by an enchantment which was the sole right of this house, became like children the

moment they set foot upon that stage; and there, people and players were as happy and careless as children so long as one stone of that play-house stood upon another.

We turned into Alakea Street, a pastoral lane in those days; the grass was parted down the middle of it by a trail of dust; strange trees waved blossoming branches over us. I looked up: in the midst of a beautiful garden stood a quaint, old-fashioned building; but for its surroundings I might easily have mistaken it for a primitive, puritanical, New England village meeting-house; long windows, of the kind that slide down into a third of their natural height, were opened to the breeze; great dragon-flies sailed in and out at leisure.

The theater fronted upon a street more traveled and more pretentious than the one we entered, and from that street a flight of steps led to a door which might have opened into the choir-loft if this had really been a meeting-house; but as it was nothing of the sort, the door at the top of the stairs admitted you without a moment's notice to the dress circle; bees and butterflies lounged about it;

every winged thing had the *entree* of this establishment.

With Proteus I approached the stage door; tufts of long grass trailed over the three broad wooden steps before the mysterious portal; luxuriant creepers festooned the casement; small lizards, shining with metallic luster, slid into convenient crevices as we drew near. A faint delicious fragrance was wafted from the garden, where a native lad with spouting hose in hand was showering a broad-leafed plant, upon which the falling water boomed like a drum; it was the only sound that broke the soothing silence.

Proteus produced a key, and with a flourish applied it to the lock; the door swung in upon the stage (no dingy and irregular passage intervened)—the cozy stage flooded with sunshine, from which the mimic scenes had been swept back against the wall, and the space filled to the proscenium with trapeze, rings, bars, and spring-boards; in brief, the theater had been transformed into a gymnasium between two dramatic seasons.

The body of the house was in its normal condition—the pit filled with rude benches; a

piano stood under the foot-lights (it usually comprised the orchestra); thin partitions, about shoulder high, separated the two ends of the dress-circle, and the spaces were known as boxes. A half-dozen real kings and queens had witnessed the lives and deaths of player-kings and queens from these queer little cubby-holes.

Folding doors thrown wide open in the rear of the stage admitted us to the green-room—a pretty parlor well furnished with bachelor comforts. The large center-table was covered with a rich Turkish tapestry; on it stood an antique astral lamp with a depressed globe and a tall, slender stem; handsome mirrors, resting upon carved and gilded consoles, extended to the ceiling; statuettes and vases were placed before them; lounges, Chinese reclining-chairs, and ottomans encumbered the floor; a valuable oil-painting which had a look of age hung over the piano; on the latter stood two deep, bell-shaped globes of glass that protected wax tapers from the tropical drafts; a double window, which was ever open to the trade-wind was thickly screened by vines. On one side of this exceptional

green-room (it was in reality the boudoir of the erratic Proteus) was a curtained arch, and within it the sleeping apartment of him who had for years made the theater his home. On the other side of the room was a bath supplied with a flowing stream of fresh, cool mountain water. Beneath the stage were all the kitchen wares that heart or stomach could desire. And thus was the drama nourished in Dream-land before the antipodes had lost their reserve.

Proteus was an extremist in all things, capable of likes and dislikes as violent as they were sudden and unaccountable; we became fast friends at once, and it was my custom to lounge under the window in the green-room hour after hour, while he talked of the vicissitudes in his extraordinary career, or related episodes in the dramatic history of his house—a history which dated back to 1848; some of these were romantic, some humorous or grotesque, but all were alike of interest to me.

Honolulu has long been visited by musical and dramatic celebrities, for they are a nomadic tribe. As early as 1850, Steve Massett—"Jeems Pipes of Pipesville"—was concertizing here, and again in 1878. In 1855

Kate Hayes gave concerts at three dollars per ticket; Lola Montez and Madame Ristori have visited this capital, but not professionally. In 1852 Edwin Booth played in that very theater, and for a time lived in it, after the manner of Proteus; among those who have followed him are Charles Mathews, Herr Bandmann, Walter Montgomery, Madame Marie Duret, Signor and Signora Bianchi, Signor Orlandini, Madame Agatha States, Madame Eliza Biscaccianti, Madame Josephine d'Ormy, J. C. Williamson and Maggie Moore, Professor Anderson, "The Wizard of the North," Madame Anna Bishop in 1857 and 1868, Ilma di Murksa, the Carrandinis, the Zavistowskis, Charlie Backus, Joe Murphy, Billy Emerson, etc. As for panoramas, magicians, glass-blowers, and the like, their number and variety are confounding.

The experiences of these clever people while here must have been delightful to most of them; though the professional who touches for a few hours or a few days only at this tropical oasis in the sea-desert on his way to or from Australia will hardly realize the sentimental sadness of those who have gone down into the Pacific to astonish the natives, and

have found it no easy task to get over the reef again at the close of a disastrous season. The hospitality of the hospitable people is not always equal to such an emergency; but there are those who have returned again to Dream-land, and who have longed for it ever since they first discovered that play-acting is not all work—in one theater, at least.

That marvelously young old man, the late Charles Mathews, who certainly had a right to be world-weary if any one has, out of the fullness of his heart wrote the following on his famous tour in 1873--74:

"At Honolulu, one of the loveliest little spots upon earth"—he was fresh from the gorgeous East when he wrote that—from the Indies, luminous in honor of the visit of the Prince of Wales—"I acted one night by command and in the presence of His Majesty Kamehameha V., King of the Sandwich Islands—not Hoky Poky Wanky Fun, as erroneously reported; and a memorable night it was.

"I found the theater—to use a technical expression—crammed to suffocation, which merely means very full; though, from the state of the thermometer on this occasion,

suffocation wasn't so incorrect a description as usual.

"A really elegant-looking audience; tickets ten shillings each; evening dresses, uniforms of every cut and country; chiefesses and ladies of every tinge in dresses of every color; flowers and jewels in profusion, satin play-bills, fans going, windows and doors all open, an outside staircase leading straight into the dress-circle, without check-taker or money-taker.

"Kanaka women in the garden below selling bananas and peanuts by the glare of flaming torches on a sultry, tropical moonlight night.

"The whole thing was like nothing but a midsummer night's dream.

"And was it nothing to see a whole pit full of Kanakas, black, brown, and whity-brown, till lately cannibals, showing their teeth, and enjoying '*Patter versus Clatter*' as much as a few years ago they would have enjoyed the roasting of a missionary or the baking of a baby?

"It was certainly a page in one's life never to be forgotten."

Let me add that Mr. Mathews is more amusing than authentic; cannibalism is

unknown in the annals of the Hawaiian kingdom; if there has been any human roasting done in this domain, it has been done since the arrival of the American missionaries.

That little play-house was in its day thronged by audiences attracted by very dissimilar entertainments; anything from five acts and a prologue of melo-drama to a troupe of trained poodles was sure to transform the grassy lane into a bazaar of fruit-sellers, and the box-office under the stairs into a bedlam of chattering natives. One heard almost as well outside as within the building; the high windows were down from the top, because air was precious and scarce; banana leaves fluttered like cambric curtains before them; if a familiar air was struck upon the piano in the orchestra, the Kanakas lying in the grass under the garden fence took up the refrain and hummed it softly and sweetly; the music ceased, the play began, the listeners in the street, seeing no part of the stage—little, in fact, save the lamp-light streaming through the waving banana leaves—busied themselves with talk; they buzzed like swarming bees, they laughed like careless children, they echoed the applause of the spectators, and

amused themselves mightily. Meanwhile, the royal family was enjoying the play in the most natural and unpretentious fashion. Perhaps it was an abbreviated version of a Shakesperian tragedy primitively played by a limited company; or it may have been the garden scene from "Romeo and Juliet," wherein Juliet leaned from a balcony embowered with palms and ferns transplanted from the garden for this night only, and making a picture of surpassing loveliness.

Everybody in that house knew everybody else; a solitary stranger would have been at once discovered and scrutinized. It was like a social gathering, where, indeed, "carriages may be ordered at 10:30;" but most of the participants walked home. Who would not have walked home through streets that are like garden paths very much exaggerated; where the melodious Kanaka seeks in vain to out sing the tireless cricket, and both of them are overcome by the lugubrious double-bass of the sea?

But to Proteus once more: when social dinners ceased to attract, when the boarding-house grew tedious and the Chinese restaurant became a burden, he repaired to the cool

basement under the stage, a kind of culinary laboratory, such as amateurs in cookery delight in, and there he prepared the daintiest dishes, and we often partook of them in Crusoe-like seclusion. Could anything be jollier? Sweetmeats and semi-solitude, and the Kanaka with his sprinkler to turn on a tropical shower at the shortest notice. This youth was a shining example of the ingenuousness of his race; he had orders to water the plants at certain hours daily; and one day we found him in the garden under an umbrella, playing the hose in opposition to a heavy rain-storm. His fidelity established him permanently in his master's favor.

Many strange characters found shelter under that roof: Thespian waifs thrown upon the mosquito shore, who, perhaps, rested for a time, and then set sail again; prodigal circus boys, disabled and useless, deserted by their fellows, here bided their time, basking in the hot sunshine, feeding on the locusts and wild honey of idleness, and at last, falling in with some troupe of strolling athletes, have dashed again into the glittering ring with new life, a new name, and a new blaze of spangles; the sadness of many a twilight in Honolulu has

been intensified by the melancholy picking of the banjo in the hands of some dejected minstrel. All these conditions touched us similarly. Reclining in the restful silence of that room, it was our wont to philosophize over glasses of lemonade—nothing stronger than this, for Proteus was of singularly temperate appetites; and there I learned much of those whom I knew not personally, and saw much of some whom I might elsewhere have never met.

One day he said to me: "You like music; come with me and you shall hear such as is not often heard." We passed down the pretty lane upon which the stage door opened, and approached the sea; almost upon the edge of it, and within sound of the ripples that lapped lazily the coral frontage of the esplanade, we turned into a bakery and inquired for the baker's lady. She was momentarily expected. We were shown into an upper room scantily furnished, and from a frail balcony that looked unable to support us we watched the coming of a portly female in a short frock, whose gait was masculine, and her tastes likewise, for she was smoking a large and handsomely colored meerschaum;

a huge dog, dripping sea water at every step, walked demurely by her side. Recognizing Proteus, who stood somewhat in fear of her, for she was bulky and boisterous, she hailed him with a shout of welcome that might have been heard a block away.

This was Madame Josphine d'Ormy, whose operatic career began—in America—long ago in Castle Garden, and ended disastrously in San Francisco. Her adventures by land and sea—she was once shipwrecked—will not be dwelt on here. Enough that she laid aside her pipe, saluted Proteus with an emphasis that raised him a full foot from the floor, and learning that I was from San Francisco, she embraced me with emotion; she could not speak of that city without sobbing. Placing herself at an instrument—it looked like an aboriginal melodeon—the legs of which were so feeble that the body of it was lashed with hempen cord to rings screwed into the floor, she sang, out of a heart that seemed utterly broken, a song which was like the cry of a lost soul.

Tears jetted from her eyes and splashed upon her ample bosom; the instrument quaked under her vigorous pumping of the

pedals; it was a question whether to laugh or to weep—a hysterical moment—but the case she speedily settled by burying her face in her apron and trumpeting sonorously; upon which, bursting into a hilarious ditty, she reiterated with hoarse “ha, ha’s,” that ended in shrieks of merriment, “We’ll laugh the blues away!”—and we did.

This extraordinary woman, whose voice, in spite of years of dissipation, had even to the end a charm of its own, came to her death in San Francisco at the hands of a brute who was living upon the wages she drew for playing the piano in a beer-cellar.

Then there was Madame Marie Duret, who, having outlived the popularity of her once famous “Jack Sheppard,” would doubtless have ended her days in Dream-land chaperoning the amateurs, and probably braving the footlights herself at intervals, for she was well preserved. But alas! there was a flaw in the amenities, and she fled to worse luck. She went to California, fighting poverty and paralysis with an energy and good nature for which she was scarcely rewarded. A mere handful of friends, and most of those recent ones, saw her decently interred.

And mad, marvelous Walter Montgomery, with his sensational suicide in the first quarter of a honey-moon. He used to ride a prancing horse in Honolulu, a horse that was a whole circus in itself, and scatter handfuls of small coin to and fro just for the fun of seeing the little natives scramble for it.

And Madame Biscaccianti—poor soul! the thorn was never from the breast of that nightingale. After the bitterest sorrows mingled with the brilliantest triumphs, did she, I wonder, find comfortable obscurity in Italy a compensation for all her sufferings? At last she sleeps in her unvisited grave. Sleep well, old friend!

Proteus himself had, perhaps, the most uncommon history of all. This he related one evening when we were in the happiest mood; there was a panorama dragging its slow length along before an audience attracted, no doubt, as much by the promise of numerous and costly gifts, of a sum total far outstripping the receipts of the house, as by the highly colored pictorial progress of Bunyan's famous Pilgrim. We had been lounging in the royal box, and, growing weary of the entertainment, especially weary of a barrel-

organ that played at the heels of Christian through all his tribulation, we repaired to the green-room, and somehow fell to talking of individual progress, and of the pack we each of us must carry through storm and shine. Proteus evidently began his story without premeditation; it was not a flowing narrative; there were spurts of revelation interrupted at intervals by the strains of the barrel-organ, from which there was no escape. Later, I was able to follow the thread of it, joining it here and there, for he himself had become interested, and he had frequent recourse to a diary which he had stenographed after his own fashion, and the key of which no one but he possessed.

He was of New England parentage, born in 1826; as a youth, was delicate and effeminate; was gifted with many accomplishments, sketched well, sang well, played upon several instruments, and was, withal, an uncommon linguist. He was a great lover of nature. His knowledge was varied and very accurate; he was an authority upon most subjects which interested him at all, was a botanist of repute, had a smattering of many sciences, and was correct as far as he went in them.

He lost his father in infancy, and his training was left to tutors; he was a highly imaginative dreamer, and romantic in the extreme; for this reason, and having never known a father's will, he left home in his youth, and was for some years a wanderer, seeking, it was thought, an elder brother, who had long since disappeared. He was in California in early days, in Hawaii, Australia, and Tahiti; the love of adventure grew upon him; he learned to adapt himself to all circumstances. Though not handsome he was well proportioned and possessed of much muscular grace. He traveled for a time with a circus, learned to balance himself on a globe, to throw double-somersaults, and to do daring trapeze-flights in the peak of the tent. Growing weary of this, and having already known and become enamored of Hawaii, he returned to the islands, secured the Royal Hawaiian Theater and began life anew. His collection of botanical plants surrounding the theater was exceptionally rich and a source of profit to him; but the theater was his hobby, and he rode it to the last.

Nothing seemed quite impossible to him upon the stage; anything from light comedy

to eccentric character parts were in his line; the prima donna in burlesque opera was a favorite assumption; nor did he, out of the love of his art, disdain to dance the wench-dance in a minstrel show; he had even a circus of his own; but his off hours were employed in his garden or with pupils whom he instructed in music, dancing, fencing, boxing, gymnastics, and I know not what else.

On one occasion he took with him to California a troupe of Hawaiian *hula-hula* dancers, the only ones who have gone abroad professionally, and his experiences with these people, whose language he had made his own, and with whom he was in full sympathy, would fill a volume. Their singular superstitions; the sacrifices of pig and fowl which he had at times to permit them to make in order to appease their wrathful gods; the gypsy life they led in the interior of the State, where, apart from the settlements, they would camp by a stream in some canon and live for a little while the life of their beloved islands; the insults they received in the up-country towns from the civilized whites, who like wild beasts fell upon them, and finally succeeded in demoralizing and disbanding the troupe;

—these episodes he was fond of enlarging upon, and his fascinating narrative was enlivened with much highly original and humorous detail.

Through all his vicissitudes he preserved a refinement which was remarked by every one who knew him. He was the intimate of the late Kings Lunalillo I., and Kalakaua I., and of many Hawaiians of rank; he had danced in the royal set at court-balls; was a member and correspondent of several scientific societies; a man of the most eccentric description; greatly loved by a few, intensely disliked by many, and perhaps fully understood by no one. He had learned to hate the world, and at times to irritate himself very much over it; doubtless he had cause.

My last night in the little theater was the pleasantest of all. The play was over; during its action great ruby-eyed moths with scarlet spots like blood-drops on their wings flew through the windows and dove headlong into the foot-lights, where they suffered martyrdom, and eventually died to slow music; and then the rain came and beat upon that house, and it leaked; but umbrellas were not prohibited; the shower was soon over; we

shook our locks like spaniels, and laughed again; and it was all very tropical.

Late in the night Proteus and I were supping in the green-room, when he told me in a stage whisper how night after night, when the place was as black as a tomb, he had heard a light footfall, a softly creaking floor, and a mysterious movement of the furniture; how twice a dark figure stood by his bedside with fixed eyes, like the ghost of Banquo; there was enough moonlight in the room to reveal the outline of this figure, and to shine dimly through it as through folds of crape. And often there were voices whispering audibly, and it was as if the disembodied had returned to play their parts again before a spectral audience come from the graves of the past; and he was sure to hear at intervals, above the ghostly ranting, the soft patter of applause—"Like that," said Proteus, starting from his chair, as a puff of wind extinguished the lamp and left us in awful darkness. We listened. I heard it, or thought I heard it; and though a gentle rain was falling, I rushed out of the place bristling like a porcupine.

Once more I look from the seaward window

of the Legation upon the field where, in days long gone, so many histrionic honors were won. In the midst of it an itinerant phenomenon, "the celebrated armless lady," has for the moment pitched her tent; presently no doubt, the corner lot will be absorbed by that ever-increasing caravansary, the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, and a series of semi-detached villas for the accommodation of its guests will spring up under the palms.

Were the old theater still standing, the leafy lattice of the green-room would be directly opposite; I might, in such a case, by stretching forth my hands, part the vines and look once more into the haunted chamber. Perhaps he would be sitting there in pajamas and slippers, his elbows resting on the arms of his chair, his face buried in his hands as was his wont when his monologue ran dreamily into the past. Perhaps there would come those pauses, so grateful even in the most interesting discourse, when we said nothing, and forgot that there was silence until it was emphasized by the shudder of leaves that twinkled in the fitful summer gale.

But no! The long silence, unbroken evermore, has come to him, and there is little

left to tell of a tale that ended tragically.

I often wondered what fate was in reserve for Proteus; in the eternal fitness of things a climax seemed inevitable; yet the few bits of tattered and mildewed scenery leaning against the fence, the weights of the drop curtain, like cannon balls, half buried in the grass, and the bier over which Hamlet and Laertes were wont to mouth—now standing in the midst of an unrecognizable heap of rubbish—are not less heeded than is the memory of one who was a distinguished character in his time.

He fell upon evil days, was hurried out of the kingdom to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune; contumely, humiliation, abject poverty—these were his companions in an exile which he endured with heroic fortitude. At last he found asylum in his native town, but not the one he would have chosen, nor the one of which he was deserving; yet that he was grateful for even this much is evident from the tenor of a letter which I received from him in his last days. He writes:

“If you could see and know how restricted my present life is, you would realize how more than welcome your letter was. . . .

“In your reference to the past, my mind

went with you, as it has often done without you, back to the pleasant hours we have spent together. Often in my loneliness I recur to them, with the same gratitude that a traveler feels when he recalls to mental view the oases that softened the weariness of the desert.

"I hope I am as thankful as I should be for the power of memory; in the present darkness I have many bright pictures of the past to look upon: these are my consolation.

"I have to be, as the Hebrews term it, in 'a several house'; I am in a large, well-heated, well-ventilated upper room with a southeasterly aspect; I see no one but the physicians, the superintendent, and my especial attendant.

"In this seclusion from the world in which I have seen so much variety, you may well believe I have leisure for thought and retrospection. How many experiences I would love to live over again! how many I would gladly efface from the records of memory!

"In the vacuity of my present condition I long for occupation, but my misfortune precludes the hope of it. Only one thing is certain: I must try to be content, and give an example of resignation if I can do no other good.

"I have gone through this sorrowful detail

because you requested it, and I regret to give you the pain of reading it Write when you will; a letter from you will bring with it a sense of the light which I have once known—now gone forever.”

Of course I wrote again—on the instant; but before my letter had reached that melancholy house the telegraph had flashed throughout the continent news of his ignoble death. For Proteus was none other than he who, through the irony of fate, came to be known as “The Salem Leper.”

Whether he was or was not a leper is a question upon which the doctors disagree; but I know that his life for two years before he found shelter in the almshouse of his native town was of the most agonizing description. Perfidious gossip hunted him down; vile slander drove him from door to door; his imagination peopled the air with foes; and even the few true and tried friends who stood by him found it difficult at time to persuade him that they were not spies upon him.

Oh death, where is thy sting! So it seems that even in Dream-land the drama is not all a delusion, and that in one case, at least, the reality was more cruel than the grave.

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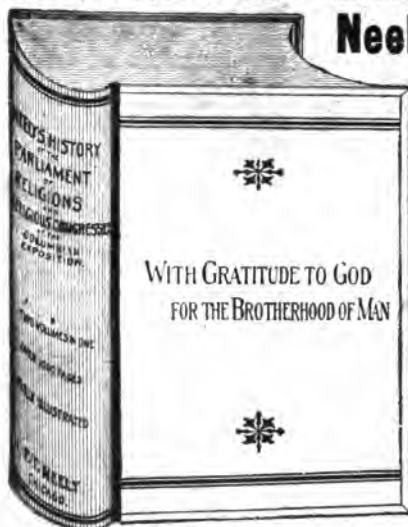
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